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A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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THE CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

VOLUME 16 NOVEMBER 1952 NUMBER 1

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Happy Birthday to Us!

FIFTEEN is a difficult age, in the life of a magazine as in the life of a boy. It is a gangling age, an age which the past has not finished shaping nor the future yet truly begun to mold. Too old for the impertinences of childhood, the fifteen-year-old is not yet mature enough for the calculated risks of adulthood. And so he experiments, trying on first this face and then that, always looking for the one that will fit him.

So, to at least a certain extent, it is with us. Fifteen years of publishing denies us the privilege of hoping unlimited hopes; but, being only fifteen years old, we dare not yet speak in a deep-throated rumble the time hallowed platitudes of the older magazines. Some of the great, profound truths we know as surely as any fifteen-year-old boy knows them. But we find it hard to keep up with a world that grows faster than we grow, that presents us every day with a little carton of knowledge wrapped in seemingly endless skeins of questions.

But life must be lived year by year and we move into our sixteenth year with a few fears and many hopes. We stand in the tradition of the eight men who founded the CRESSET because they believed then, as we do now, that it is better to be accounted a fool in giving testimony to the Faith than to be accounted profound by one's silence. Four of the eight have now received the final and perfect judgment upon their work. We who remain are warned by each new ache and each new greying hair that we shall someday be

called to the same judgment. It is under the shadow of that judgment that we write.

What we have said in the past, we shall go on saying in the future: that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof and that there is nothing in our lives that is unrelated to the Christian Faith. We shall go on looking at a world which does, indeed, lie under the great primeval curse, but which lies also under the shadow of the healing Cross. We shall continue to affirm the unique nature of man in the universe and the unique power which man's Maker has given him over the earth. And perhaps some day we shall succeed in reflecting in our writing some of the beauty and glory of life lived in the divine sunshine as we too seldom and too briefly see it.

Duties of the Christian Prince

IT MAY be argued whether the United States is a republic or a democracy. Certainly in form it is a republic. Whether it is also a democracy depends upon how one defines a democracy.

From the standpoint of the Christian, the argument has no practical bearing upon the question of his duties at election time. Placed by the wisdom and will of God into a political system which considers each citizen a fractional-king, the Christian citizen has no more right to say that he will not vote than he has to say that he will not be a good steward of his temporal goods. For while the right to vote is certainly a privilege, it is just as certainly a responsibility.

There is no church body, no priest, no fellow-Christian who can tell a Christian *how* he must vote. But it is a part of the obligation of church bodies and churchpeople to exhort the Christian to vote. A good and free government comes very close to being the greatest temporal good that God can bestow upon people and both gratitude and duty should compel the Christian to participate in the processes by which, under God, governments remain good and free.

This may sound like flag-waving, but there are few enough places left in our world where the man at the lathe and the housewife at her sink hold both in theory and in practise a share in the government of the nation. We have said before that that share is an extremely small share, but the significant thing is that it is as large as any other individual's share. Each of us is entitled to style himself "by the Grace of God, associate king of the United States of America and of the American dominions beyond the seas." The title is an impressive one, and the

responsibilities which accompany it are correspondingly impressive.

Worlds in Collision

GROSSE POINTE PARK is a sedate, rather luxurious community which lies east of Detroit, separated from the big city only by the width of several streets (Alter Road and Mack Avenue). The people who occupy this area are traditionally quiet, satisfied, and rich. They keep to their English cottage homes and relish the obscurity of silence.

But into this Arcadian atmosphere moved, a month or two ago, the United States Army which proceeded to erect an anti-aircraft station in the middle of it, and immediately installed a squad of soldiers who proved equally unaware of the rigidly private aura. There were suddenly shouts and loud discussions and blue words in the Pointe. The folks pulled down the blinds, but they could hardly avoid the echoes. For 58 of the residents, the situation grew unbearable.

In the best Mayfair fashion, the 58 drew up a petition requesting that the soldiers be removed. The statement was worded in the best tradition of legal harmlessness and sent in a plain white business envelope to the Detroit Free Press, which printed it under a modest head and without editorial comment. The letter was a gentle attempt and a fine piece in its own right, but it didn't seem to attract the favor of anyone except Grosse Pointers.

What actually happened, as a matter of fact, was that Detroiters sailed into the "Voice of the People" columns with a red-hot gusto and betrayed years of smoldering resentment against the Pointe colony. One reader suggested that if the Pointers had sent more sons into the service, they would not be so quick to ask for the dismissal of the AA soldiers. "Only the poor boy," continued the tirade, "who can't afford to go to college gets drafted. This is truly a 'poor man's war' as one of our Michigan senators so aptly phrased it." Another sizzler, signed "A Detroiter," contributed this paragraph: "If those big shots in Grosse Pointe think there's a lot of noise and confusion, they should go to Korea, and see the confusion there."

Well, no one in Grosse Pointe seemed overly anxious to get to Korea, and nobody appeared particularly eager to pursue the theme of the letter to the press. It is probable that the Pointe residents, overawed at the commotion they had stirred up, sighed, drew hesitantly back into their mansions, and began to figure the costs of sound-

proofing. To them, Detroit would remain forever a rather grisly affair, and they would think twice before attempting to mix again with the car builders and the merchants. After all, enough was enough.

Druggist vs. Bookseller

IN THE great days of Roosevelt (T. R., not That Man), the manufacturers of ladies' undergarments were widely suspected of adhering to practises which tended to create monopoly conditions within the industry and from many corners of the land there went up the cry to "Bust the trust that trussed the bust." More recently, book lovers have been forced to look with a stern eye upon another element in our society, the manufacturer of the soft-shell, luridly-arted pocket volumes who have made their fortunes by untrussing the bust and driving the more somberly ornamented hard-shell books almost out of the market.

How effective they have been is indicated by the fact that while book stores have dwindled from 5,000 to 2,000 in the past few years, pocket-size books have at their disposal somewhere near 100,000 news-stand outlets, many of them in drugstores. Authors between hard covers are lucky to reap two thousand dollars for a novel, while writers of the Wade Miller-Richard Himmel-Micky Spillane school are clearing a high of twenty-five thousand per effort. Last year, 37 million people who live near drugstores bought 231 million copies of 972 quarter editions. It was, needless to say, an all-time splash for the "pops" publications.

Last week, reluctantly taking note of this new force in modern culture, we wandered through the gay, bright colors of the twirling rack at our drug store counter. We sorted through every possible variation of sex and its Freudian twists, betrayed love, murder, sadistic sleuthing, messy family strivings, dream analyses, horrors, and nude heroines. No Moriaritys here, no Nanas; only the sort of tired and tiresome thing you can see any night of the week at the 15th precinct station house or down in the unpainted houses by the railroad station. We've heard often enough of the dullness of virtue but this was the first time that we had fully realized how dull and monotonous sin is unless the sinner happens to have a greater talent for his sin than most of us have.

We almost forgot to mention that there was one book, down at the bottom of the stack, that departed from the usual pattern. It was a copy of the Bible (handy

excerpt edition), and its cover was the only one, as far as we know, that did not offer promise of either an assignation or an assassination.

"Well, really," we found ourselves saying, "you didn't actually expect . . . !"

New Translation

SPEAKING of the Bible, the publication last month of the new Revised Standard Version of the Old Testament was an event of potentially great importance. Its importance lies in the fact that we now have a version of the Old Testament which is written in the idiom of our own day and should, therefore, take the Bible out of the field of ancient classics and restore it to its proper role of contemporary literature.

For certainly no book is more truly contemporary, in any age, than is the Bible. Even if it were not inspired, it would be the great book of the Western world. The most "realistic" novel does not match the sometimes embarrassing realism of the Scriptures and we know of no textbook in psychology that explains, as clearly as does the Bible, the essential nature of man. Nowhere does Scripture oversimplify the complexities of the human soul and the human personality. And nowhere does the Bible divorce theology or faith or the intellectual content of human belief from the day-to-day activities of living.

For many reasons it may be supposed that the new version will never replace the King James Bible. There is an elegance and sublimity in the traditional version which one encounters only in masterpieces. And for many of us, the very fact that its language is not the language of our daily speech seems altogether fitting because we feel a natural aversion to speaking of or to God in the language of commerce or family familiarity. But the new version should be more convenient to work with, more valuable as a source of the actual content of the Scriptures. We would suggest that the simple, down-to-earth, contemporary language of the new translation might make it as valuable for study as the formal, exalted, and archaic language of the King James Version makes it appropriate for worship.

Days of Remembrance

THERE is, in the very air of November, something that evokes a remembrance of things past. And both Church and state have set aside days this month for grateful recollection. These days are, in order, All Saints' Day, Luther's

Birthday, Armistice Day, and Thanksgiving Day. Each of these days, if days may be said to have an aroma, carries an odor of leaves that have fallen to enrich the ground from which they sprang. Each of these days, in recalling the past, offers new hope for the future.

This is particularly true of the solemn but neglected Feast of All Saints. To us, this day stands among the great festivals of the church year. This is the Church's Memorial Day, the day when the Church displays the blood-stained banners and the blood-bought trophies which Her sons and daughters have won through 2,000 years of unceasing warfare; and in many of Her houses of worship, Her children gather around the lighted candles like recruits around the camp fire of a famous regiment, to recall the heroism of men and women who died better than most of us know how to live.

This day, then, is the day when, more than any other day, the great cloud of witnesses which compasses us about becomes palpable and the Church Invisible becomes, for a little while, visible. Peter hangs head downward from his cross, Sebastian wears his arrows like decorations, Hus wears his fire-red dress uniform, and the whole noble company of twentieth century confessors and martyrs stand with the Heavenly victory medal affixed next to the campaign ribbon that indicates service against a black or brown or red anti-Christ.

Nor is this all a fantasy. This is the Church—from our perspective rent asunder by schisms and distressed by heresies but, from the perspective of our enemies, terrible as an army with banners. This is the Church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. Invisible we must call it because we can see it only indistinctly through the smoke of battle and from our little vantage point in the field. But visible it certainly becomes when here and here and here, through the centuries and through the world, men and women die shouting the King's Name.

It is good to remember that. On All Saints' Day and through all the days of our enlistment. We are, very literally, treading where the saints have trod. Let no man have reason to say that our generation defiled its heritage.

The  PILGRIM

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." —PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Over the years, the most enduringly popular column of the CRESSET *has been "The Pilgrim." The steadily increasing demands of his various other activities have made it impossible for Dr. Kretzmann to write every month any more, but whenever he finds time to write, his column brings many appreciative letters. The column reprinted below first appeared in the May, 1940, issue of the* CRESSET *and was later reprinted in "The Pilgrim," an anthology published in 1944 by the Walther League.* —THE EDITORS

Compline

MR. HIERONYMUS SMITH called the meeting of the voters of St. Chrysostom's to order. . . . As the buzzing subsided, he looked into the corner where the pastor sat. . . . This was not going to be easy. . . . He cleared his throat: "This meeting was called on account of the special request of some members who have something special to bring up. . . . I will give the floor to Mr. Barnabas Harmon"—

Somehow he was even more tired than usual this evening. . . . The strong coffee Mother had given him just before he left the house seemed to have no effect. . . . He closed his eyes for a moment. . . . Thirty years now. . . . The day when he had come to St. Chrysostom's. . . . The crowds. . . . The good wishes. . . . The little wooden church over on Elm Street. . . . A long time ago now. . . . This parish house—he had paid for it with his blood. . . . His heart had never been the same since that breakdown. . . . The church next door. . . . Something of him lay buried there. . . . He had watched every stone go into it. . . . Perhaps God had really been good to him. . . . The dreams of his youth—some

of them had come true. . . . He had not failed his Lord. . . . If He could only keep going a few more years. . . . Some things still had to be done at St. Chrysostom's. . . . Not old yet, but tired. . . . Better listen to Barnabas. . . .

"We all know, Mr. Chairman, that things haven't been going so well here at St. Chrysostom's. . . . Maybe it's nothing serious, but only last week the Bowling League busted up again on account of some members do not like the way the pastor always comes around and asks them to come to church. . . . Only a couple of weeks ago one of the young men of the church—a fine, up-and-coming young fellow, Mr. Chairman—says to me that the young people are beginning to go over to St. Elijah's. . . . It seems that they have big dances over there, and their preacher, a young fellow from Styx College, is right in there with them. . . . And so a couple of us got together, Mr. Chairman,"—

If he could only keep his eyes open now. . . . He peered over at Barnabas. . . . The boy had really turned out better than he had expected. . . . He remembered him in confirmation instructions, a good boy, only a little slower than the rest and always too sure that he was right. . . . A little jealous, too, of others who had more than he. . . . But he had prospered. . . . Assistant Manager of the Feltman Shoe Company now. . . . A little too fat for his age, but his well-made suit fitted him snugly. . . . Perhaps he had better talk to Barney one of these days. . . . Something worldly and smug about him. . . . After all, Barney was one of his boys. . . . His eyes closed again. . . . What had Mother said before he left the house? . . . Oh yes, "If you get sleepy, pinch your wrists." . . . He smiled. . . . That was Mother, always worrying. . . .

"And so, Mr. Chairman, a couple of us got together at my house, nothing official of course, and sorta talked things over. . . . We all know what our pastor has done for our church. . . . I don't haveta go into that. . . . But, Mr. Chairman, time marches on, as the poet says, and our pastor, it seems, is getting along in years. . . . St. Chrysostom's is a big parish, and we got some very important people here"—

Important people. . . . How his mind was wandering tonight. . . . That word "important." . . . There were some in St. Chrysostom's all right, but Barney wouldn't know that most of them lived down by the railroad tracks. . . . Saints, some of them, like Mrs. Morton with her drunken husband and

six children and her eyes bright with unshed tears. . . . Saints, down there. . . . Perhaps he had been spending too much time there lately. . . . He liked to sit in the broken rocker and listen to Grandpa Jepson. . . . He was blind, but he saw more things than anybody else. . . . Mother had scolded him for it. . . . She was right, too. . . . Of course, he had tried to find an excuse. . . . Wasn't it true, he had asked Mother, that very evening there was a meeting, and if he went out in the afternoon to visit the members on the street where Barnabas had built his new house, he always ran into bridge or cocktail parties, and everybody was embarrassed? . . . Yes, it was easier to go see Grandpa Jepson—and he had taken the easier way. . . . That was bad. . . . Mother was right. . . . More visits on Grace Boulevard after this. . . .

"And so, Mr. Chairman, we think the Church Board ought to see the Pension Board and ask them to put our pastor on the retired list. . . . We have always paid our percentage, and they ought to be glad to help us out. . . . What we need here is a young fellow with lotsa pep and salesmanship who can give a sermon with punch and arrange affairs with zip in them to draw the people of this here community. . . . Of course, we don't want to be in a hurry about this. . . . Let's take two or three months to look around. . . . But, Mr. Chairman, something's gotta be done"—

So that was it. . . . It had come now, and somehow it did not hurt as much as he thought it would. . . . After all, he was getting old. . . . Over sixty. . . . When you get old, things look different. . . . Barney wasn't important, not really. . . . His soul was, but somebody else would have to see to that now. . . . Perhaps Mother and he could live on the edge of town in one of the little bungalows the Government was renting so cheap. . . . Then he could still go down to see Grandpa Jepson and Mrs. Morton and the red-headed Johnson boy, who would make a good minister some day. . . . But Mother. . . . How would he ever be able to explain it to her? . . . Mother was so practical. . . . She would tell him right away that all they had was the furniture and that thousand-dollar insurance policy. . . . Oh, well, that would be hers—and the way he felt tonight—soon enough. . . . Too bad, though, to go this way. . . . He looked around the room. . . . Hardly a man there whose hand he had not touched at the altar on thirty-one confirmation days. . . . He had baptized their children, seen their hopes crushed

and rise again, stood with them as death swept over them. . . . They looked a little uneasy now. . . . Waiting for him to say something. . . . He really should. . . . Tell them they were doing the right thing. . . . That he was getting old, that their way was no longer his. . . . He would get up and tell them that, then go home to Mother. . . . But that strange mist over his eyes. . . . Almost as if they were covered with angel wings. . . . That roaring in his ears. . . . New sounds, not of earth. . . .

He slumped forward in his chair. . . . They caught him before he fell. . . . There was a smile on his lips. . . . Mother would have the insurance now, and perhaps God would let him sit near the door and wait for Grandpa Jepson. . . .

Because democracies are not fitted to conduct foreign affairs as they were conducted in de Tocqueville's day, the prevalence of democracy throughout the world makes inevitable a change in the conduct of foreign affairs. Such affairs when conducted by democratic governments must necessarily be marked by the absence of those undertakings and designs, and those measures combined with secrecy, prosecuted with perseverance for which he declares democracy to be unfit.

—Elihu Root, "The Effect of Democracy on ternational Law," *Proceedings of the American Society of International Law,* 1917.

THE ASTROLABE

By
THEODORE. GRAEBNER

One of the great figures in the religious journalism of the first half of the twentieth century was Dr. Theodore Graebner, for many years editor of the "Lutheran Witness" and, from the founding of the CRESSET *until his death in 1951, an editor and columnist for this magazine. First as co-writer with Dr. Ad. Haentzschel of the "Alembic," and later as writer of the "Astrolabe," Dr. Graebner demonstrated in his writing the curiosity, the zest for life, and the intellectual aggressiveness which made him, for those of us who had the privilege of knowing him, a truly rare personality. In grateful memory of the Old Master, we reprint below some of his best.* —THE EDITORS

It Was Just Petty Larceny. Orville Marsh stole $10,000 worth of books, yet was guilty only of petty larceny. This sounds like one of those intelligence tests which the hostess likes to hand out after you have had your lemon chiffon pie and third cup of coffee. We can hear her say with a provocative smile: "Now, here is an easy one. We give you five minutes, and the prize is a fur-lined ash receiver: 'A man stole $10,000 worth of books and still was guilty only of petty larceny.' You have five minutes." Well, here's the answer:

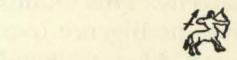
Marsh had his Master's Degree from the University of Chicago and was now, age fifty-two, instructor at a Cleveland college. One day in the spring of 1940 the landlord of an apartment where he rented storage space failed to receive his rent and examined the books which had been piled up in the rooms. That started a search which ended with Marsh's arrest.

"I don't know why I took them exactly," he said. "Probably I need treatment from a psychiatrist. I knew it was wrong to steal, but when I saw expensive books in the library the desire to possess them got the better of me. I have been oppressed by poverty ever since I worked my way through Harvard University. I wanted books and I could never afford them." They have found some books which have been missing since 1925.

Marsh helped a Cleveland Library representative determine the branches from which nearly 100 books were taken. Some 700 other volumes from libraries in St. Louis, Detroit, Chicago, New York, and other cities were recovered. And now comes the fine point in law. Marsh could be charged only with petty larceny because the books disappeared one or two at a time! We have looked up our own meagre reference shelf on criminal law and assure the reader that it does make a difference. "Grand larceny is theft of property above a fixed value, generally $25 to $50 —most States also classify as grand larceny theft of property from *the person* of the victim, irrespective of value, though, of course, accomplished without the force or fear which would constitute the crime of robbery. In the Federal Courts, grand larceny is punishable by not more than 10 years' imprisonment and a fine of not more than $10,000." But the law counts each offense as a separate transgression and, since none of the individual thefts amounted to more than $25, Marsh was guilty only of petty larceny.

While we sympathize with every borrower of books who forgets the lender, we are here not conducting a school of crime, and we want no one to follow the example of Orville Marsh, national champion of book borrowers, because after all to steal books *is wrong*. And don't let it become a habit until you have to rent a flat to store your unrighteous acquisitions and then become an addict in whom the fever of collecting swallows up the love of reading. We gather this from Marsh's poignant remark: "I always intended to read them when I took them, but they kept getting ahead of me."

All of which prompts me to ask, Who has my Busenbaum, *Theologia Moralis?* It forgot to come back around 1922.



Why Do Birds Migrate? After all, why *do* they migrate? What makes them leave the land of their birth when autumn comes around? The answer seems a very simple one—during the cold winter months they would either freeze to death or perish from

want of food, hence they migrate to the warm south where vegetables and insects are plentiful. But does the bird know about the land far south and does he know that a period of bitter frosts and of scarcity is about to come upon his world? For we can not overlook the fact that when he makes up his mind to migrate, there is still ideal fall weather and of food a great abundance. While the black martin, for instance, is feeding her young brood, you will find in her throat food rolled into balls consisting of an immense number of small beetles, gnats, and other insects which are still available in large quantities as late as October. Yet the black martin leaves his northern home as early as August, in certain areas during the night from August 3 to 4. And so with the rest of the migrating gentry. It is evident that they are not driven forth by frost or by the lack of food. Why then do they hasten towards the south? We are well aware of the fact that their home will not provide food for much more than another ten weeks and we understand the necessity of the change of scene. But the bird cannot know any of this; he has never experienced the disappearance of the food supply and of inhospitable weather during the fall and winter. The cuckoo and the robin that had once passed through this experience would never migrate, because he would have perished. And if we might imagine the older birds telling the younger of their experience, they could not warn them concerning the winter since no migrating bird has ever experienced the northern climate!

A German naturalist has tamed several nuthatches so that they could be permitted to fly out freely in his study, outside their cage. They became so tame that they would eat grubs and beetles out of their owner's hand and would strut about on the paper on which the naturalist was at work with his pen. They had completely acclimated themselves to their surroundings. Without any previous warning, one night in autumn, the birds became unquiet, began to run up and down excitedly, and flutter about in the cage. They would beat the area about their bill bloody and break feathers out of their wings against the wire of the cage. This condition gradually subsided and did not recur during the entire winter. However, beginning of April the nightly excitement again burst forth and when it came to a sudden stop—the nuthatches of the vicinity had returned from their migration to the south! These captive nuthatches had been placed in the cage when newly hatched, so that they had never participated in a migration.

Anyone who has kept migrating birds in a cage will testify to the identical experience. Some quails are known to have broken their necks through the nightly psychosis to which they were subject during the season of migration.

On two questions science has been unable to give an answer: 1) How did the migrating instinct originate? and 2) Why in all the various families of birds are there some species that migrate and others that do not?

Why the Magnet Floats. Dr. W. R. Whitney, director of research for the General Electric Company, was recently asked to explain how science accounts for magnetic force, the strange property found in the lodestone and transferred to other bodies, causing them to be alined as by some invisible pull in a north and south direction, and to repel or attract other magnetized bodies. Dr. Whitney replied, "I say that the magnet floats in space by the will of God. The magnet repels another magnet by the will of God. And no man today can give a more precise answer."

We ask the modern philosopher how he explains the power in the universe which permits us to calculate eclipses to the fraction of a second, and Bernhard Bavink says in *The Natural Sciences* (which is the last word on the subject) that the new physics with overwhelming clearness demonstrates that God is perpetually active in nature and that in the processes of the universe we see creation uninterruptedly at work.

The old idea that the world is made up of eternally indestructible matter is definitely abandoned. For centuries the world was regarded as a piece of clockwork, a mechanism which either had no beginning or was at best started by God, but which has since been governed by mechanical laws. As for the phenomenon called "life" it was held that by the combination of certain chemicals, under certain conditions, life results. Life might from such beginning proceed through evolutionary processes to the forms it now takes. The creative principle we call God would thus be explained. In classrooms which have kept out of the current of scientific progress, this notion is still entertained. Leaders in biology, physics, chemistry, and medicine no longer speak with assurance about the possibility of creating life. Dr. J. Chris O'Day of Honolulu in a reminiscent mood recently told of a dinner he once attended, where the famous Sir William Osler was guest of honor. Osler had said that to him it

seemed foolish for man, seeking mystery, to look up into the universe. He might, muscle for muscle, bone for bone, and organ for organ, produce a Frankenstein, but when it came to the creation of a single red blood corpuscle with all its magical qualities, he would be baffled.

Did She Discover Her Husband's Body? The drawing in the *Good Housekeeping* ad seemed to indicate as much. The lady was shown all dressed to go out when she raises a hand with a motion of warding off some horror not indicated in the picture, the whites showing above her eyeballs, eyebrows raised, mouth opened with a shocked expression, teeth glistening—evidently she was confronted with some sight that filled her with abject terror, possibly the body of a murdered man slumped in a chair with a pool of blood at his feet. The text of the advertisement reveals that there was another cause for the lady's violent perturbation. "Can a thing of beauty be a pain in the neck?" is the headline of the *Good Housekeeping* ad. The answer is given that most women will reply, "Yes!"

Then a list of the horrors is drawn up which might cause a lady, all fixed up for a very special evening, to have a sudden run of the heebie-jeebies. "Suppose," says the *Good Housekeeping* advertising man, "one of these things happens. . . . As you take off your gloves, you notice that the polish on one nail has chipped mysteriously. . . . Or a quick glance at your compact shows that your powder has caked unflatteringly. . . . Or your luscious lipstick has caked around the edges of your mouth in a hard line. . . . Your poise evaporates, and no wonder." What an anticlimax—the lady frozen in horror as she raises her hand, not to ward off the sight of an assassinated husband, but to confirm her first impression that the dreadful thing has occurred and cannot be denied—*some nail polish has chipped off!*

Or the powder in her compact has become hard!!

The lipstick on her mouth has caked!!!

So your poise evaporates, and no wonder. The conclusion is drawn that you should buy the various cosmetics advertised in *Good Housekeeping* magazine. All these articles have been *investigated,* have been *analyzed.* The nail polish will never *chip mysteriously.* The lipstick smear will never *cake unflatteringly.*

Your poise doesn't have to *evaporate,* and when you step into the bright lights you don't have to look as though you had seen a dead uncle's ghost.

Follies of Nostalgia. We have had our experience, first with the ear-phones, listening over our crystal sets, and later with the advent of the tubes in which by a miracle of science the maelstrom of electrons rushing over the grids brought the voice of those a thousand miles distant to our ears. Let me dwell a little longer on this business of thinking backward. I sometimes hear the sentiment, chiefly in popular song, of those who long for a return to the days of their youth. That golden age, when heaven played about us, the days of fond memory—the childhood years—ah, those distant precious years, when we saw the world through eyes so eager to taste life to the full—and so on.

I haven't the slightest sympathy for that kind of nostalgia. Not because my childhood was barren and joyless—I suppose that I missed none of the thrills of getting acquainted with the world and life; but because I would not, if I could, return to an age which was mainly a period of waiting for the marvels of human experience in store for the grown-up members of twentieth century society, and to be obtained only by the waiting.

What—return to the nineties, the eighties, and then wait another fifty years to spend a night on the summit of Mt. LeConte in the Smokies?—or wait forty years, again, as I did, before I would hear Roland Hayes sing "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?" And "Adelaide"?—or twenty years, which is an awful long time to wait, before seeing the sun rise on the Columbia Icefields on the new highway to Jasper? Just take that last item. A quarter century ago I would have been compelled to join a party with a pack-train and ride for four days before reaching the Athabasca Glacier; of course I then did not have the hundred dollars for a wilderness trip like this; now (in 1940) I rode over the perfect Jasper highway in one afternoon from Lake Louise to the Chalet where the roof of the world is covered with glaciers. You get what I mean. Would any man in his right mind go back to the years of youth and then wait twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years before he would hear the voice of Caruso, or see the painted desert of New Mexico, or climb the Sangre de Cristos, or see Greta Garbo in *Camille* or hear the St. Louis A Cappella Chorus sing *"Es ist ein' Ros' entsprungen"?*

These are only samples; let's see what's on the shelves.

1937-1952: Pledge and Promise

By O. P. KRETZMANN

I HAVE just completed a nostalgic and bittersweet hour with the first issue of the CRESSET dated November, 1937. How long ago and far away that date now seems! Again and again the book fell from my hands and my closed eyes looked down the crowded years. I remembered the long meetings, almost a year before the appearance of the first issue, when every line and paragraph were hammered out in warm discussion. I recalled the brilliant debate (Graebner, Haentzschel, Geiseman, Polack and the rest could scintillate around a table) over the humbly famous editorial "Black 1927 vs. Black 1937." (Perhaps I should say parenthetically that the CRESSET defended Mr. Black when his earlier connections with the Ku Klux Klan threatened to force him to resign from the Supreme Court.) The argument among the editors revolved about the nature and extent of the Christian doctrine of forgiveness in cases of this nature. It was good and, characteristically, it was never settled.

A re-reading of the editorials in that first issue, fifteen years, one war, and an uneasy peace later, brought a warm glow of satisfaction. The effort to make the Christian faith relevant to modern problems can not only be successful, as those paragraphs indicate; it can also result in a certain timelessness which makes the "Notes and Comment" of 1937 thoroughly timely in 1952. In that first issue there was a note condemning anti-Semitism; a paragraph deploring the political interests of certain sections of the Roman Catholic Church; an editorial on the problem of crime, emphasizing the forgotten notions of personal responsibility and sin; a criticism of newsweeklies which pick up only the sensational and abnormal in their sections on "Religion" (there had been a series of reports on Father Divine and the ineffable Aimee Semple McPherson); a sharp attack on the

modernistic preachers who are disloyal to the creedal standards of their churches (the writer quoted one of them: "You must repent, as it were, and believe, more or less, or be damned to a certain extent"); a long article on the irrationality of certain contemporary artists—all of them, barring details of names and circumstances, just as relevant and pungent today as they were a decade and a half ago. Let it be said for the CRESSET Associates of that distant day that they recognized an Achilles heel when they saw it and set their arrows for it with power and precision.

And then there were the book reviews! They were probably too long by our standards but when the reviewers got through you knew what was in the book and what was wrong with it. Here one is really tempted to quote, because discerning readers soon noted that the reviews of books were something new and different in the Church. The editors had resolved to review only the books of secular publishers, to read them from the standpoint of their Christian faith, and to pan them mercilessly when they tried to peddle evil and stupidity under the banner of freedom. Thus, for example, the leading review of a forgotten opus!

And So—Victoria. By Vaughan Wilkins.

Years ago we were taught that a review should endeavor to discover the purpose of the author and then measure his work in terms of his approximation of that purpose. Unfortunately the old rule-of-thumb for reviewing breaks down here. If the author's accomplishment is a measure of his purpose, he ought to be deeply and thoroughly ashamed of himself. Seldom have we seen a novel outside the doors of the corner drug and dirt emporium which is so smirkingly dirty, which strains so frantically after effect, and which wallows so consciously in the gutter of the human mind. It is pandering at its worst. One can almost hear the author say: "Time for another sop to the movie audience"—and in comes adultery, incest, and every variation of sexual sin the mind of man has ever conceived.

The second review, by Dr. John Theodore Mueller, went after the famous *How to Win Friends and Influence People* by Dale Carnegie:

The writer omits all references to God, to prayer, to piety, to Christian character, all of which are necessary ingredients in a really safe and effectual success recipe. Negatively, it is thoroughly atheistic. The Russian communist may read it with the same ease of mind as the French or Spanish atheist. There is nothing in the book to disturb his irreligious equilibrium. But to leave God out of one's success formula is an offense which even heathen teachers have strongly condemned. Much more Christians must

condemn a textbook on success which does not put God first in all things, which says nothing of the supreme value of prayer, and which shows no appreciation of the merit and value of Christian ethics as fundamental in success realization. Again, the author in his success program has no place for those finer relations of the soul which must be considered in one's success planning. The book sets forth mere mechanics in behavior. Always the appeal is to human vanity, the fool's desire to feel important, his ego-culture. Reproof has no room in the writer's success system, with its basic formula: "Don't scold; don't criticize," etc. If Jesus is measured by the principles championed in the book, He stands before men as a great failure both regarding method and achievement, for He neither treated persons as the author suggests, nor did He covet what the author holds out as desirable goals.

The reading of such sentences was the sweet part of my hour with the CRESSET for November, 1937. The poignant, bittersweet part—the moments when I looked out of the window to the turning leaves and the first signs of another fading year—came when I remembered that some of the hands that fashioned those paragraphs and the minds that thought the CRESSET into being are no longer with us on this side of the veil. They were skilled hands and lovable minds—and I miss them this cool and dark autumn night. There was Theodore Graebner, who always sat at my right at our editorial meetings (each man had his own place at the round table) —a perpetually amazing fusion of learning, humor, satire, wisdom, and journalistic ability. There was W. G. Polack, probably sick unto death long before we were aware of it—quiet, persuasive, a curious mixture of poetry and practicality. Occasionally there was Paul Lindemann, the urban shepherd at his best, thoughtful, deeply committed to everything which bore the mark of the Cross. These three are now with God and their hands and voices weave only the themes of eternity. Seated beside them were the CRESSET Associates who have turned to other areas in the life of the Church—Ad. Haentzschel, O. A. Geiseman, O. A. Dorn, Jaroslav Pelikan, Thomas E. Coates. All of them loved the free and open air of those editorial conferences and saw the challenge of a magazine which would be unique in Protestant Christendom. For more than a decade they worked and wrote and argued; and one day, I am sure, a perceptive historian will give them all honored places in the story of the Lutheran Church in America. They were pioneers of relevance!

Now, fifteen years later, it may be well to ask some pertinent questions. What did the CRESSET set out to do? What was in the minds

of the editors which was so compelling that they labored long and hard beyond their assigned tasks in the Church? Perhaps the following paragraphs from the initial apologia tell the whole story:

> Under the long view of Western civilization the terms "Christianity" and "culture" are inseparable. For a thousand years the highest cultural achievements of the Occident have been informed and illumined by the Christian view of life. Although there have been momentary and individual deviations from this general truth in previous centuries, there has been no general denial of its validity until the dawn of the twentieth century. It has remained for the past four decades to witness the veering away of literature and art from the moorings of a supernatural ethics. The rise of the new psychology which makes man an animal essentially, the evolutionistic bias of our educational system which makes man an animal genetically, and the hasty translation of half-absorbed scientific advances into art have ended in a situation in which much of modern literature and art moves from darkness to darkness and exerts a relentless downward pull on the human mind and heart. The editors are sharply aware of this tragedy. They are also conscious of the fact that the fourth decade of the twentieth century marks the last desperate stand in our generation of this barbarism and cultural anarchy whose doom is already sealed. They will aid in the battle against the dying cults of the gutter and the sewer, the worship of the meaningless and the idols of the marketplace.

Shall I admit that I read that paragraph an hour ago with a full measure of bittersweetness? There is much youth in it, and the rattle of windmills and shining armor and a white horse; but there is also deep conviction which the storms of fifteen years have not destroyed. This is still true or nothing is true. Faith and life must be forever wedded. Their divorce is our black tragedy. We cannot live by one set of values on Sunday and another from Monday to Saturday. The war in our spirits is disastrous. It leads to spiritual schizophrenia, to a wild cancer that gnaws at the vitals of our culture and civilization.

Fifteen years ago we envisioned a new unity of life and thought, of culture and religion, of faith and learning. The need for such unity has only grown more clear and bitter in the intervening years. Even in 1937 the CRESSET assumed the obsolescence of modern man —the man of the West as history has known him since the eighteenth century. His materialism, secularism, scientism had always been wrong; by the fourth decade of the twentieth century it was also evident that they were totally and tragically inadequate for our time and generation. There was no peace in them and no hope.

Certainly the last fifteen years have brought that to the final proof. One cannot say now that there has been any notable religious revival; but even the most biased observer must see the turning away from the old gods, the note of despair in the voices from exhausted wells, and the seeking, questing, searching which fills the air from Greenwich Village to Wall Street and Columbia University. All men are afraid and they know that they are afraid because they have not feared God.

It is clear therefore that the need of something like the CRESSET —an attempt, however small and humble, to bring faith back into a living relationship to the twentieth century—is still very great, perhaps even decisive. How well has it succeeded in its appointed task these fifteen years? I wonder if any editor would ever be able to answer such a question. He sees the child of his midnight and morning hours with the myopia of affection and his judgment is clouded by emotion. In general, however, I may venture (very tentatively) to say that for a small and thoughtful group of people the CRESSET has succeeded remarkably well. It has tried to remain true to its charter. It has decisively influenced the thought of a group of younger men and women, especially at certain colleges and seminaries. It has received respectful attention in campus libraries, in publishers' offices, and in the sanctums of fellow editors. It has made a small but sharp mark on the circling walls of our great ignorance.

Its failures? Perhaps they are too many to recount here. Certainly it has failed to reach enough people. It has failed to discover new writers with a few remarkable exceptions. It has not always been as relevant as it should have been. Too often it has succumbed to the temptation to be clever rather than intelligent, moral rather than religious, temporary rather than timeless. More than anything else I know, such a venture as the CRESSET needs the long, calm view of history, the chastening and quieting perspective of eternity, the majesty and magic of the Divine.

And its future? Perhaps this paragraph should be merely a simple confession of faith. I believe that such efforts as the CRESSET are a vital part of the life of the Church. The advances of medical science have made it possible for each generation to be "in the world" longer than ever before. The temptation to be "of the world" has also been prolonged and the need for a sharp, clear distinction between the two is more desperate than ever. There will be new issues and new battles in the looming years, but the war

will remain ever the same. It will never be won on earth but neither will it ever be lost. Even now the tide of one battle is turning and the trumpets of God sound. If the CRESSET can be the smallest trumpet on the lowest battlement, it will have fulfilled its destiny.

Much of the work of editing the CRESSET is now in young and strong hands. I can only bespeak for them a greater measure of support and understanding in the years of their labors. I know that they will be years in which the evil of the world, the sorrow of life, the hardship of sin, will be great. But they will also be years in which there will be joy in goodness, and not all things will be in antagonism and schism, and it will be great and good to say a word for God and to see the new chariots of the atomic age held by His hand and turned to His purposes for the hearts of men.

It is not logically impossible to own a slave and yet remember the equality of man. Yet very few souls are strong enough to do it. And the slave-owner, forgetting that equality, becomes wrong in his theology and by consequence wrong in everything else—his economics, his politics, his dietetics—since these are all only branches of theology.

—CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS, "John Caldwell Calhoun".

Why the Cresset?

By JOHN STRIETELMEIER

THE CRESSET is published by the Valparaiso University Press. Valparaiso University is maintained almost wholly by voluntary gifts of Lutherans of the Synodical Conference. Therefore, although neither the University nor the CRESSET could properly be classified as an official agency of any Lutheran church body, both are Lutheran in their orientation, their constituency, and their functions.

The CRESSET, however, does not undertake to speak officially or even semi-officially for any church body. It is not our function to duplicate the work and writing of official church publications or to comment on matters of internal policy within any of the Lutheran bodies. For technical reasons, our audience is dominantly Lutheran. But it is our policy to speak to anyone who will listen, Lutheran or not, and it is our hope that in the years to come we may bring into our audience a completely representative cross-section of the American people.

Until we find entry into that larger audience, however, we shall of necessity be forced to address ourselves primarily to our fellow-Lutherans. And certainly, for many years to come, that audience will present challenge enough to our best efforts. For it is apparent to anyone who knows Lutheranism that the various Lutheran bodies are in a period of dramatic and, at times, painful transition. We do not consider ourselves qualified to comment authoritatively on the stirrings which are taking place within the areas of theology and ecclesiastical institutions. What concerns us is the changes that are taking place within the so-called "secular" areas, for it is within these areas that Lutherans are encountering problems which it is our privilege and duty to explore and to try to find answers to. I have space to suggest only some of the very broadest areas within which these problems lie and within which the CRESSET is working to find answers which will be consistent both with the

facts of life as we observe them and with the theological tradition which is the grandest part of our heritage.

Obviously for all of us, one of the major problems is that of the family. One writer has pointed out that if Martin Luther had left nothing else to western culture, he would have made a tremendous contribution by establishing the pattern of home life which, by way of the Lutheran parsonage, passed down into all levels of Protestant society as a model. This concept of the family is now running headlong into the restless, rootless, pagan world of the mid-twentieth century—a world in which children are being more and more torn from their parents, husbands and wives live together under a kind of tentative arrangement, and an unbridled individualism challenges the old ideals of family loyalty and solidarity. Many of us believe that we are in danger of losing a wonderfully good heritage without gaining anything nearly as good by way of compensation. At the same time, we recognize that today is not 1890 and certainly not 1540. The family, also, must find its place in the social structure of 1952. We must try to find a way to save as much of the good of the past as we can while, at the same time, drawing out of modern culture whatever of good there may be in it.

Then there is the problem of government and the state. Many of our people are just beginning to become politically conscious. In an abstract way, Lutherans have approved of American democracy for 100 years. But until very recently, they approved of a democracy of which they were the beneficiaries, a democracy which permitted them freedom of worship, a democracy in which they were not called upon to participate in those objectionable features of the German states (military service, for example) which had caused many of them to leave their homelands in the first place. Today, while still the beneficiaries of such a democracy, Lutherans are becoming more and more aware of the fact that they must necessarily become also participants in it. And faced with that necessity, they are troubled by some of the practical workings of our democracy. They are troubled, to cite just a couple of examples, by the kind of goings-on which they encounter on the precinct level and which, seemingly, are an essential part of the system. They are troubled by the tone of our system, a tone which seems radically different from all that their former idealistic picture of American democracy had led them to expect. Among the problems we must face, then, are first of all the problem of helping our people to pass

from their former political quietism into the arena of active participation in government and, secondly, the problem of establishing whatever relevance there may be between the Faith which should be our motive force and the political activities to which this force should be applied.

There is, thirdly, the problem of science. Since the time of Darwin, science to most Synodical Conference Lutherans has been a bugaboo. The fear of science, one may suspect, is the sort of fear one normally feels of the unknown, for it has been generally true that our people have never come into any sort of sympathetic association with science at its best. To many of them, science has been only a matter of Darwinian evolution with some vague ideas of a world considerably older than the 6,006 years which they found in the margins of their English Bibles. This is not said in any spirit of uncharitable censure. It was a product of isolation from the intellectual currents of almost a century. But with the passing of the period of isolation, we are now cast into the middle of the scientific stream without any clear picture of its source or of the course it has followed during a long part of its route or of the direction in which it is tending. It must be our task to try, in a comparatively short time, to bring ourselves up to date so that we may know where we are and where we are drifting. As a minimum necessity, we must attempt to understand the basic assumptions of science, we must try to approach the honest scientist sympathetically as a fellow-searcher after the truth, and we must persuade our people that there can be no unbridgeable gap between faith and reason. We must, in other words, tear down the wall of suspicion and fear which, for so long, has kept the Lutheran out of the laboratory. And perhaps in the process of doing so we may even make a positive contribution to science. For surely the truth which has been given us by revelation must suggest at least a few insights to our reason.

The fourth problem that confronts us is the problem of finding for ourselves and for others the place of the Lutheran Christian in the world of letters. Until very recently, this problem was perhaps incapable of immediate solution. There was the formidable barrier of language. We had all about us the familiar example of the Lutheran whose German was the flawless literary German of Luther's Bible and the Lutheran hymns and, at least in some cases, of Goethe's and Kant's and Schiller's works, but whose English was the colloquial English of the community in which he lived. Language is more than grammar and

syntax. The right use of a language requires a feeling for the delicate nuances of meaning, a feeling for cadences and rhythms, an understanding of connotations as well as denotations. Such feelings and understandings can not be lectured into a person in a classroom or in a whole series of classrooms. They come only with immersion into the literature of the language. And it is fair to say that, by and large, our people were hardly aware of the existence of English literature, let alone immersed in it. We are, however, standing today at the point of change. We are dealing now with a generation which has lost its roots in German literature and which has not yet found roots in English literature. I consider the book review section of the CRESSET a section of critical importance, primarily because it brings our readers, every month, a sampling of the almost riotous abundance of writing which is being done, in every conceivable area of interest, in our country and in the English language.

Closely allied to the problem of letters is the problem of the arts. Much has been made of the Lutheran heritage in the arts, particularly in music. But I must ask, what contribution has Lutheranism in the United States made to any of the arts, including music? I am not aware of a single contribution, unless it be that of introducing our heritage to the other nationalities which have been blended in the American melting pot. But nothing original has been done. Why this sterility? Perhaps here again the elements of geographical and cultural isolation have played their roles. But perhaps there has crept into Lutheranism a fear and a suspicion of the artist which is foreign to its spirit. At any rate, this state of affairs, too, is changing and it must be one of the purposes of a magazine such as ours to encourage and to bring to public notice those among us whose talents lie in the arts and who, if we will but let them, will make their arts the handmaiden of their faith.

And, sixthly, I could be expected, as a combination of editor and teacher, to point out the problems involved in education. It must be said to the undying credit of our Lutheran people that they recognized, from their earliest days in this country, that in the area of education you cannot have your cake and eat it too. You cannot leave God out of the schools without taking Him out of men's lives. At much cost and in the face of much prejudice, Lutherans educated their children in their own schools. Unfortunately, they did not keep pace with developments in American society. There was a time when the eight grades of

a parochial school corresponded to the length of schooling of perhaps 95% of the American people. But as the length of schooling increased from generation to generation, the church's facilities remained essentially static. There came at last the day when our young people as a matter of course left the parochial school to enter completely secular high schools and later even universities. Today, then, with notable exceptions such as the Lutheran high schools in our larger cities and the university which publishes the CRESSET, the Church is content to give its young people the eight years of education which would have been satisfactory for 1850 or even 1875 but which falls far short of the average length of schooling in the United States of 1952. And this despite the fact that Lutheranism came out of the universities and was nurtured in the universities of Germany and Scandinavia and has traditionally included the teaching mission in the total mission of the church.

Finally, although scores of other problems could be suggested, there is an urgent need for theological discussion on the lay level. I am unalterably opposed to any suggestion that the clergy and the laity are two different and mutually suspicious species. This spirit of anti-clericalism, which crops up every now and then, runs counter to the whole spirit of Lutheranism. But it must be admitted that our laity has, by default, surrendered its rights and duties in the area of theology to the clergy, with the result that the clergy has, seemingly, come to have a very low regard for the theological capabilities of the laity while the laity has come to suspect the clergy of using obscurantist theology as a means of maintaining control of the church. Both suspicions have some ground in fact. I believe that a major purpose of a magazine such as the CRESSET should be a broadening of interest in specifically theological problems with a view toward removing, ultimately, the present wholly artificial distinctions between the clergy and the laity in the field of theology. In a practical way, it is impossible for a Christian, even if he tries to claim lay immunity from theology, to operate without some reasonably systematic theology. And, as a matter of fact, our laity has been operating with a theology. Unfortunately, the theology has been a rudimentary theology consisting essentially of a pat set of questions and answers prefabricated by President Schwan in his explanation of the Small Catechism. I do not mean to suggest that this is not a good theology. What I mean is that President Schwan considered it a thorough enough theology for fourteen-year-

olds who were about to take their first communion—not the more highly-developed theology that a scientist, for instance, would need in order to relate his faith to his work or that a corporation president would need in meeting his problems of profits and labor relations and considerations of the morals of our economic system.

This brings us, finally, to the question of the demands that are made upon those of us who would write to this Lutheran audience which stands a notch above the general level of people in interest and education and awareness of the problems of the modern world. Those demands I should like to discuss in the space that still remains.

The first demand that is made of us is, obviously, that we be men of God. The evangelist who said that, in his preaching, he spoke as a dying man to dying men gave us also the basic rule for our writing. God not only has the answers to our problems. In our age He is our problem! For the kind of writing which alone justifies our existence as a magazine, we need men of prayer even more than we need journalists. God could use a stuttering Moses to direct His people. The excellency of the power in our writing also must be of God and even if we stutter and stammer we will accomplish His purposes.

But in the divided church of the twentieth century, one can hardly be a man of God in the abstract. Like it or not, we all see God and our Saviour through the tinted glasses of some denominational bias. Since we do, it is essential that we who would write against the background of a denominational bias be thoroughly grounded in the theological tradition of our denomination. This is necessary both in order that we may speak with accuracy and assurance the great truths which have been preserved in that tradition and also that we may be aware of those areas within which our own tradition comes into conflict with other theological systems. It is not enough, in other words, that we be merely religious, although certainly we must be that; we must acquire the best specifically theological background we can.

Beyond that, we must of course possess the specific skills of our profession. Church journalism carried on by willing but incompetent amateurs has not, we must admit, had much standing in the journalistic profession. Journalism is a profession, as difficult and as demanding as are most professions. Amateurs in the field run the risk that amateurs run in any profession of prejudicing what they have to say by mistakes in style, structure, composition, or professional ethics.

Finally, we must know the constituency to which we are writing. This is much easier said than done. In its very nature, most church journalism is a part-time job. It is carried on by men whose primary duties lie in some other area, commonly the ministry or teaching. There is lack both of time and of opportunity to move about through the country, meet people, sit in on meetings, and get behind the scenes. For a magazine like the CRESSET, the problem is complicated by the fact that in order to deal adequately with the broad fields of the arts, letters, and current affairs, one should, ideally, have access to artistic, literary, and political circles. I must admit that we have not yet succeeded in gaining that access.

It is, after all, our constituency to which, under God, we owe our chief responsibility. As I conceive it, that responsibility is threefold.

First of all, as has already been indicated, we owe our constituency the duty of speaking on the happenings and the problems in which it already has an active concern. And we must speak in these areas as Christians and, more specifically, as Lutheran Christians. We must bring these areas under the searching light of the Faith as we understand it in the Lutheran tradition. That is why people buy the CRESSET. If they want mere moralism or if they want to know what Rome thinks about something, there are magazines which can supply both those needs.

In the second place, we owe it to our constituency to attempt to draw their interests toward questions in which, at present, they are not particularly interested but in which we feel they ought to be interested. By what right, you may ask, can one person or even a group of persons assume that he knows what a larger group should be interested in? The answer is simply that these are areas of whose importance we are ourselves convinced and which, in all honesty, we think our brethren should be interested in, too. Just to cite a few examples, our editors are convinced that thinking Lutherans can (and for their own sakes should) be interested in the basic disagreements between an individualistic view of man, as we have traditionally held it in the United States, and the collective view of man which is today being championed by the leaders of the U.S.S.R. We believe that our people should be interested in this basic disagreement because it is here that the real issue lies, not in the by-products of the disagreement such as capitalism versus communism, democracy versus totalitarianism, nationalism versus internationalism.

We think that our people should become more and more aware of

the literary heritage of the English language and of the art forms which arise out of man's putting English words together. Why should our people be satisfied with literary chaff when there is so much good, pleasing nourishment to be had? Why should our people be satisfied with Edgar A. Guest when they can read T. S. Eliot? There is a rich English-language culture that might compensate for our loss of the rich German-language culture.

We think that our people should learn to examine critically but sympathetically the great fields of modern art and music. Great as our musical heritage is, we shall be doubly rich if we can add to it whatever of good is being produced by our contemporaries. Not all modern music is discordant and jangling. Indeed it may be presumed that the proportion of good music to bad that is being written in our time is not out of proportion to the amount of good to bad that was written in any other period of history. The same goes for the graphic arts. Much modern painting is, of course, junk. But much of it is excellent, too. Similarly with architecture. Historically the arts have been the handmaidens of the Faith. Our people should be interested in any device, any work of man by which the work of the Kingdom may be advanced.

And this leads me to the third of the obligations which, it seems to me, we owe our brethren in the faith—the duty of searching out and encouraging with all of the resources at our command those among us whose talents and interests parallel our own. It is not enough that a magazine such as ours accumulate the works of established writers and bring them to our people. We must encourage the young men and women who have something to say but are not yet, perhaps, quite ready to say it as they should. We have, on occasion, run material which did not, perhaps, meet the most rigid technical requirements simply to supply a little encouraging oxygen to a flame which was burning unsteadily but seemed to be fed by solid fuel. In a sense, we were not altogether altruistic in doing this. From the purely selfish standpoint, we have gone along on the hope that by encouraging young men to give us their first efforts we might hope, in years to come, to have first chance at their mature writing. Even if that should not happen, we would have had the satisfaction of having helped a promising writer realize his capacities and get started professionally.

Letter From Xanadu, Nebraska

Dear Editor:

WELL, I suppose that you are as worked up as the rest of us about the election. I can't help feeling some of the excitement even though I don't think much about either one of the candidates. MacArthur was my man and I still think that one of these days we are going to have to find somebody like him to get the laboring classes back in line and cut taxes so the business man will have a chance again.

This tax business is what gets me. I notice that Rev. Zeitgeist insinuated last month that I was having trouble with the government over my taxes. Well, you can call it trouble if you want to. They were trying to catch me on my depreciation allowances but I out-foxed them. I just sat there with all of the confidence of a Christian holding four aces and let them work over my books until they were blue in the face. I could have told them right at the beginning that they wouldn't be able to pin anything on me.

The property they were trying to get me on was some that I picked up back in 1932. I had a little good luck that year. My father-in-law died and left Mrs. G. quite a bit of money and we spent it buying up some of our neighbor's mortgages. Property was dirt cheap then, you know, and the farms have done right well since we took them over. I left the farmers right on their farms, which was a break for them and a break for us, too, because they have really been good tenants. But with the low cost and a fairly generous depreciation allowance, these farms have turned out to be gold mines and I don't see why the government should reap the benefits of my foresight and ingenuity.

But to get back to politics, I've never been much interested in politics and to tell the truth I've been too busy to follow the campaign much this year. Stevenson seems to be a decent sort of guy but I'm afraid that we'll just get more socialism if he's elected. On the other hand, I'm not too sure what Eisenhower intends to do about the parity program if he's elected and I sure don't want to see the farmer left to make out the best he can for himself. If the government would just quit throwing its money around on socialist

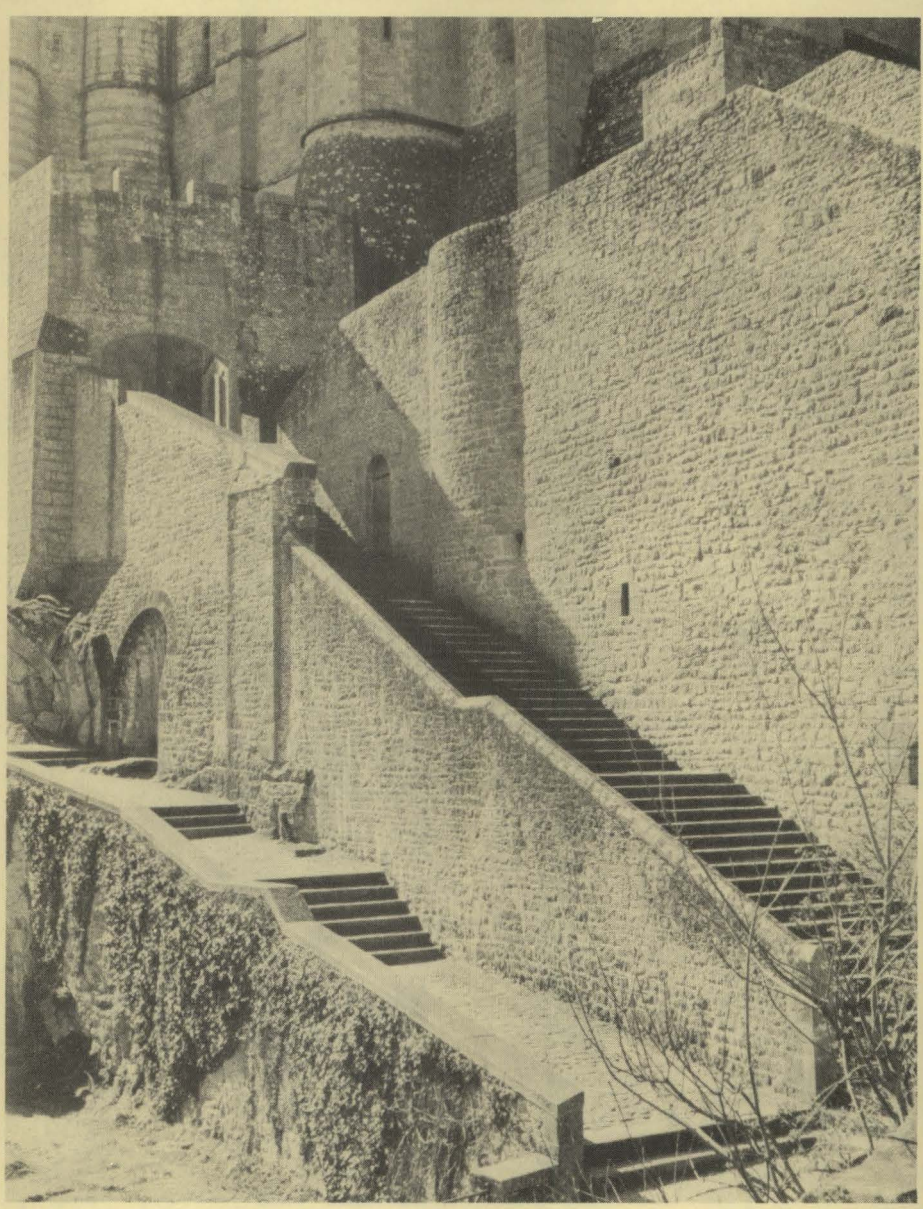
ideas like public housing and unemployment compensation and social security, they would have plenty of money to maintain a decent parity program. And if you want to keep the country healthy, you've simply got to keep the farmer solvent.

By the way, we were down at the university last week-end to see how Homer is coming along. Evidently he is doing all right for himself. He seems to have lots of friends and he has himself a girl. Her name is Maybelle Hotspur and her father is president of Hotspur Fertilizers, Inc. (You've probably seen their slogan, "When you smell America, you smell Hotspur Fertilizer.") Mrs. G. thinks that Maybelle is a kind of light-headed girl but like Homer says, there's nothing wrong with either her physique or her checkbook. The only thing that does bother me a little is that she doesn't belong to our church. I'm not a fanatic on religion but it seems that Homer is always going to her church and she never comes with him to ours. Guess I'd better not tell Zeitgeist about that. He warned me that this is the sort of thing that could happen and he's the kind of person that wouldn't mind saying "I told you so."

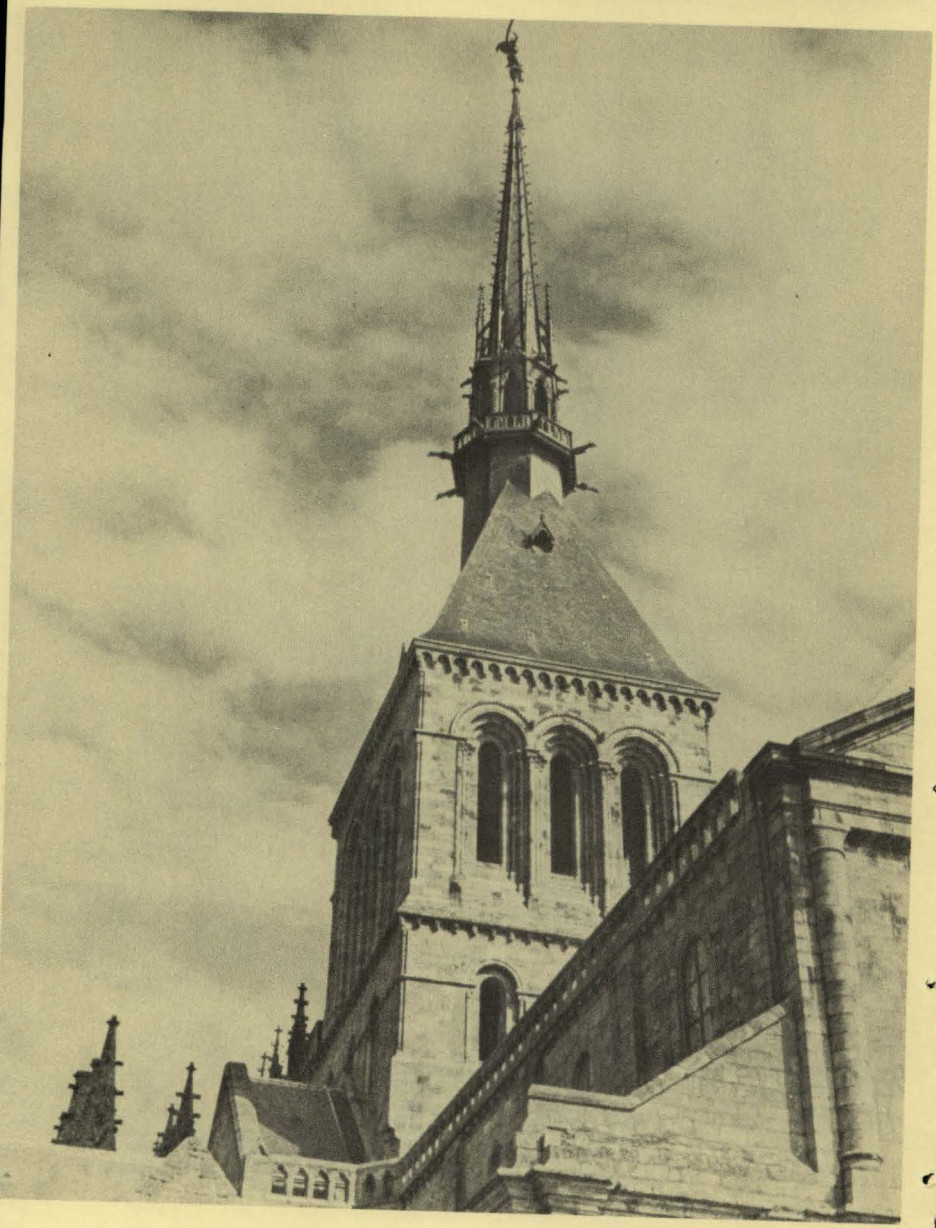
There is one problem, though, that may come up in the next few months. This draft business seems to be getting pretty tight and they said over the radio last night that the draft boards are probably going to grab students right out of colleges if they fall below par in their studies. I don't know where Homer stands right now in his grades, but I know Homer. And with all of the things he is doing outside class, I don't see how he is going to be able to do much more than scratch by on his grades. It looks to me like the army could use a little more sense in its draft policies. I know we need soldiers and I guess we have to draft them to get them. But we need educated people, too, and it seems to me to be poor business to take students off college campuses when you could just as easily get all of the men you need among the boys who aren't getting a higher education. Anyway, just to be on the safe side, I think I'll get in touch with a fellow I know who married the sister of a nephew of the former law partner of our representative. Maybe he can pull a few strings. After all, I paid $100.00 into his campaign fund this year.

Well, happy anniversary and thanks again for speaking at our ground-breaking. I'm sorry about that check business. I was sure that they would offer you a little bit above expenses.

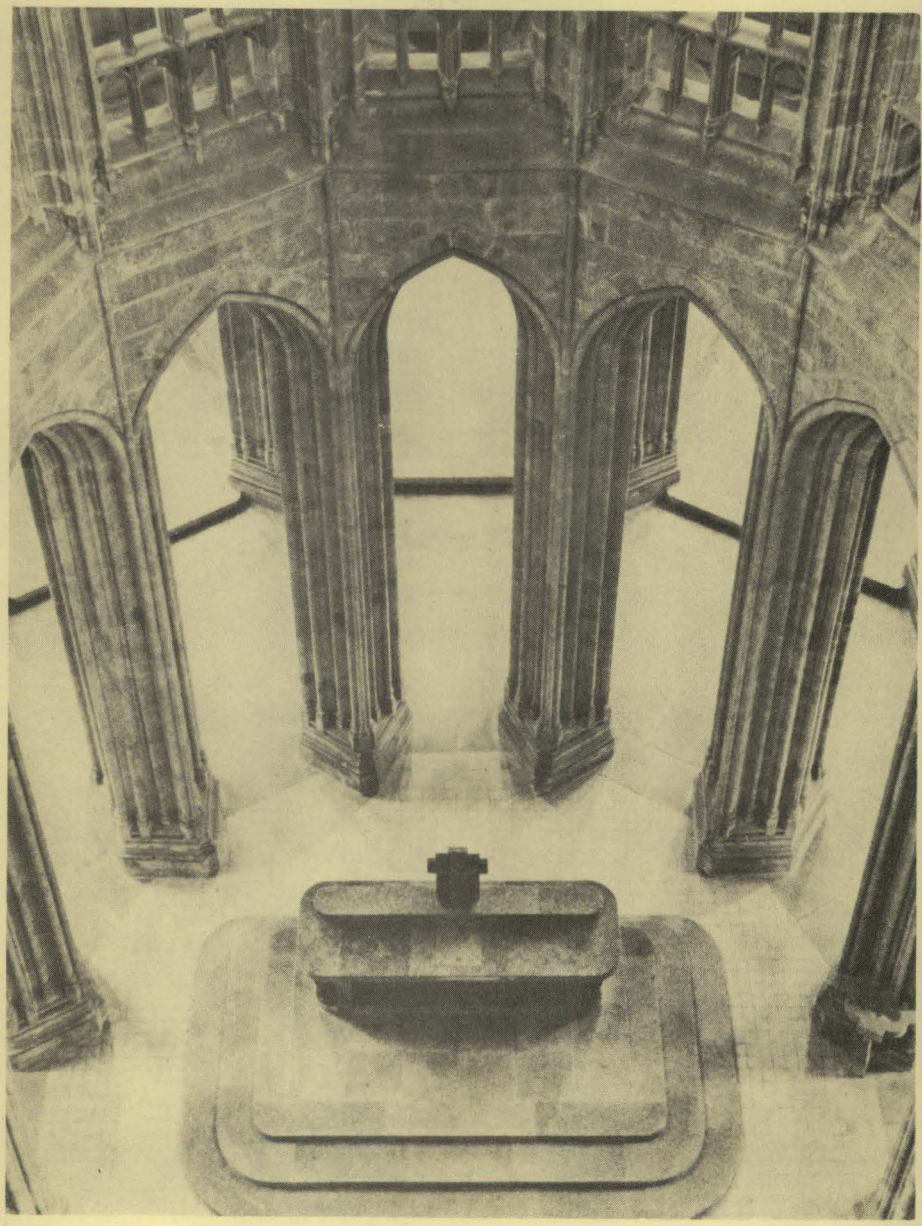
As ever,
G. G.



LEMONT SAINT-MICHEL
The Grand Stairway

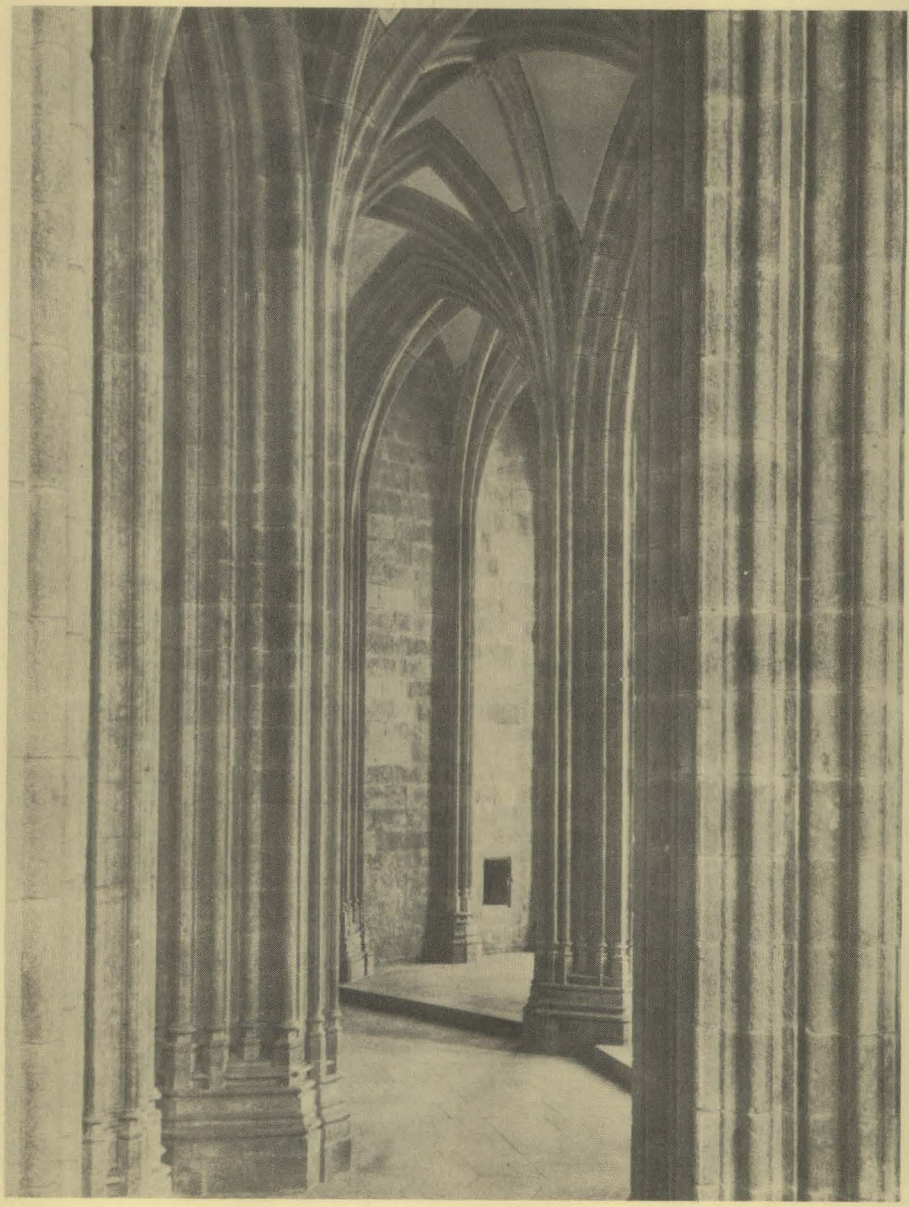


LEMONT SAINT-MICHEL
The Fleche with the figure of St. Michael
terrible captain of the sky battalions

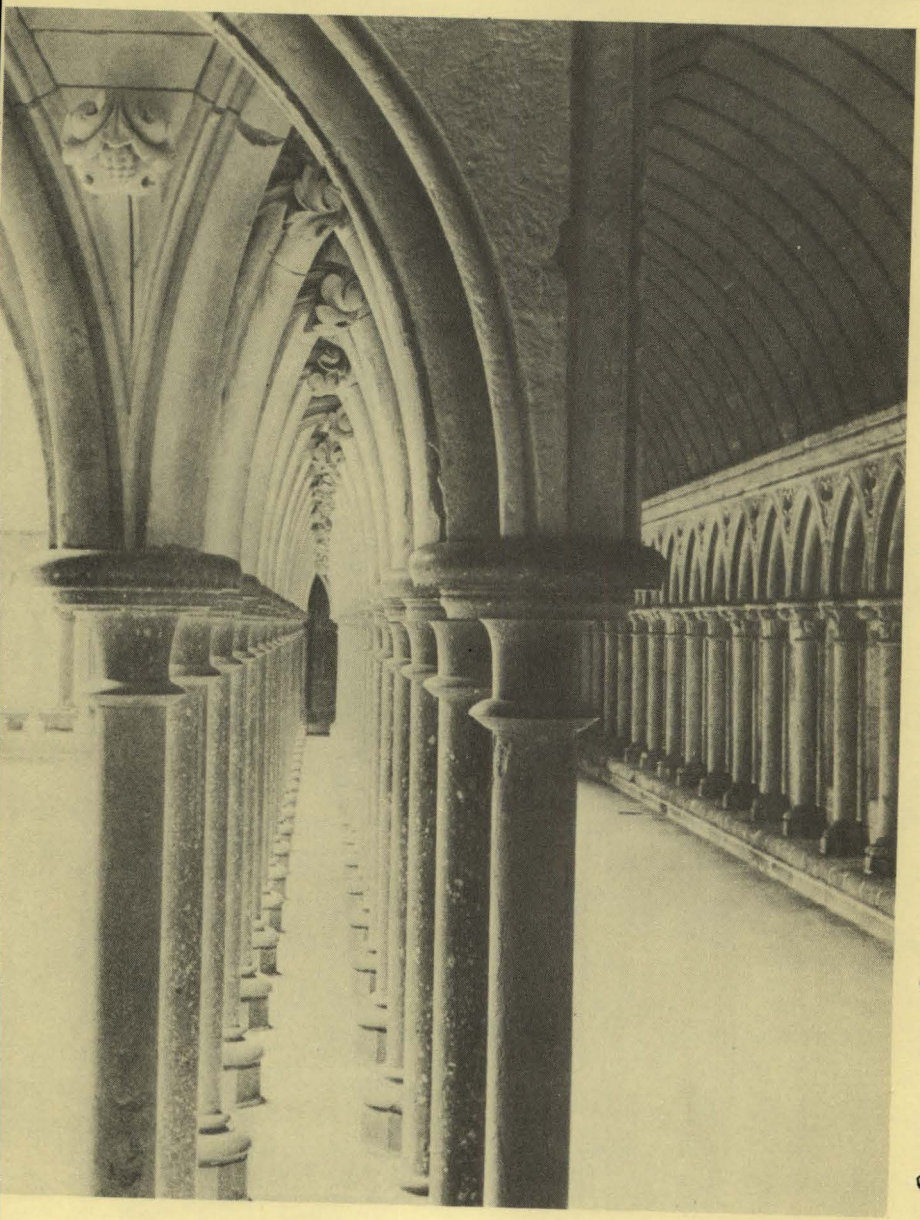


LEMONT SAINT-MICHEL
Abbey Church - choir and ambulatory

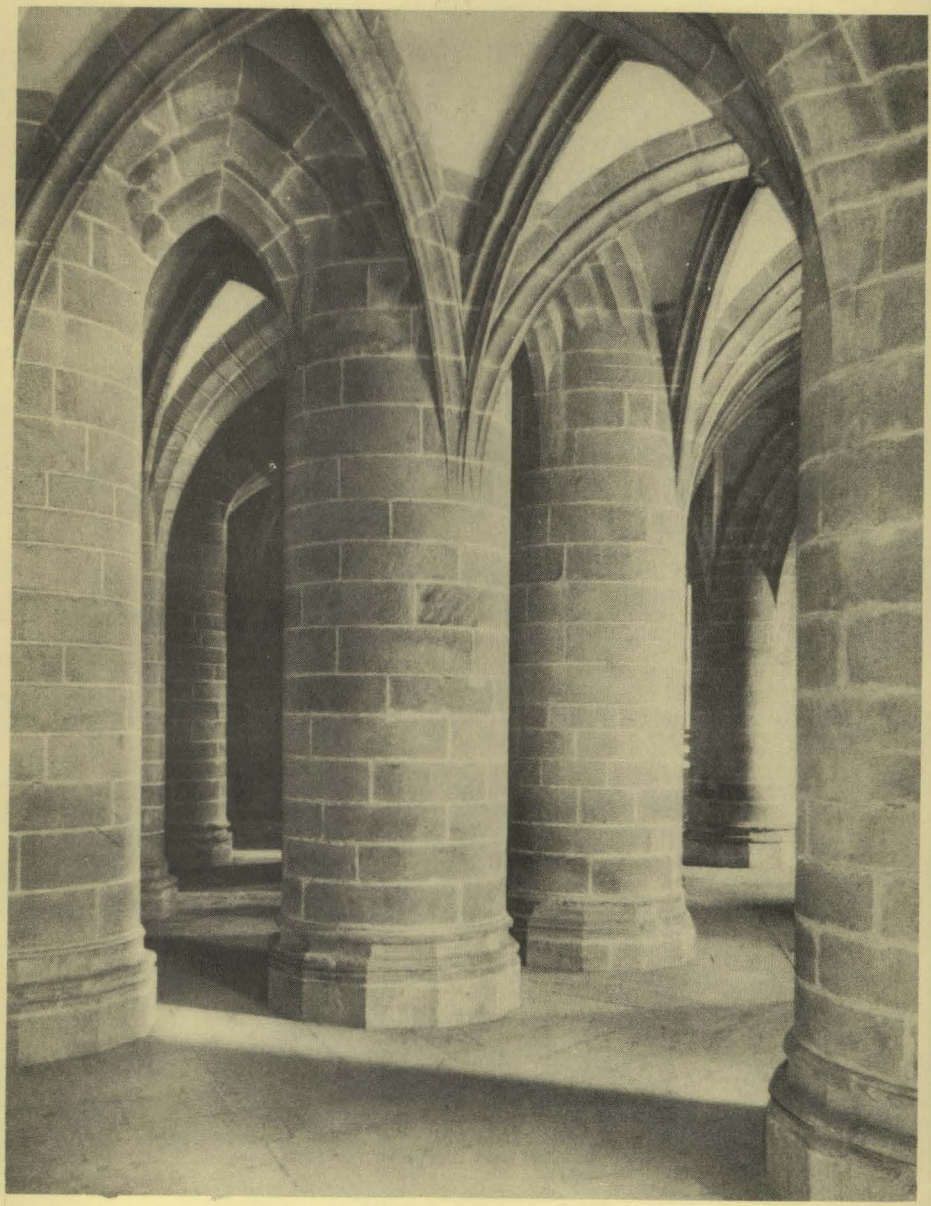
LEMONT SAINT-MICHEL
The vaulting of the choir



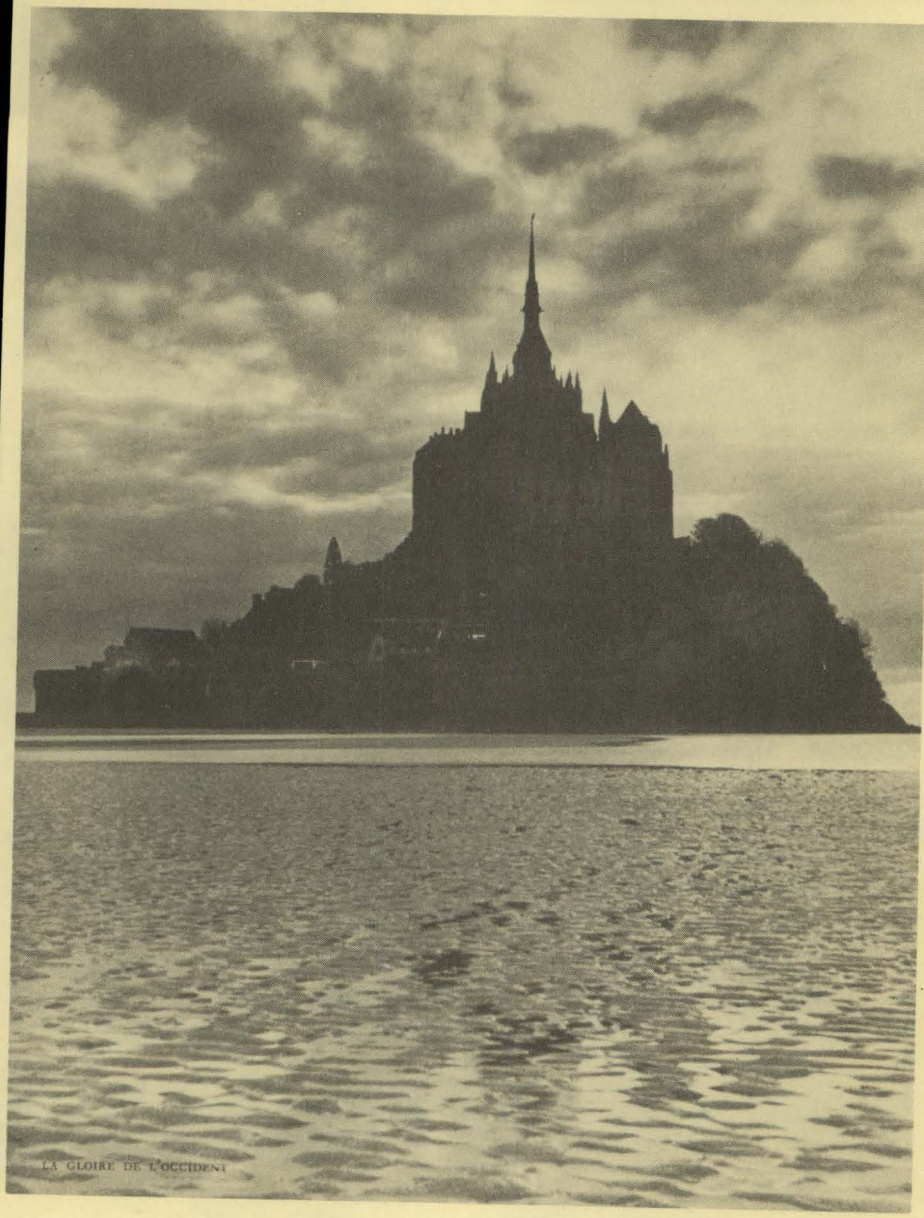
LEMONT SAINT-MICHEL
Abbey Ambulatory



LEMONT SAINT-MICHEL
The Colonnades



LEMONT SAINT-MICHEL
The Crypt



LEMONT SAINT-MICHEL
The Glory of the West

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Criticism in the U. S. A.

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Another deadline is approaching with giant strides. It is as merciless as it is exacting. I must get something out of my system.

I shall write as the spirit moves me. Perhaps a plan of one kind or another will take shape as I go along.

As a music critic I have had much experience with the tyranny of the deadline, and I know that many men and many women declare in season and out of season that the criticism of music as purveyed in the daily newspapers of our land would fare better if those who dispense opinions and judgments were not compelled, for the most part, to write against time.

But is it actually true that newspaper criticism of music—and I am using the word "criticism" in the sense of pronouncing judgment, whether favorable or unfavorable—would accomplish its primary purpose more effectively if custom and circumstances did not require it to meet a deadline? I do not think so.

Experienced newspaper reporters know that they do their work best before the impact of an event or a story has given way to something else. If, for example, you get an assignment to "cover" an earthquake, a destructive storm, or a devastating fire, you will, I believe, do your job more pertinently if you tell your story as soon after the event as you can. Then the impact is still fresh in your mind and on your heart. Then you are able to strike while the iron is still hot.

Everyone knows that the passing of hours and days can, and often does, cause that iron to become cold—or at least lukewarm.

If, for example, I have just heard what, to my thinking, is a thrilling and exemplary performance of Franz Liszt's *Méphisto Waltz,* I can, I am sure, tell the

story of that performance with more pertinence and effectiveness immediately after its powerful impact than I could report about it a week later.

Yes, the passing of time gives one opportunity to reflect. It enables one to choose words and to shape sentences and paragraphs with a larger amount of care. Often it causes one to modify an opinion or to change one's judgment completely.

But I am convinced that in the long run the deadline, tyrannical and exacting though it may be, makes for better service to the cause than delayed writing—writing that is done after the iron has had time to become cold or lukewarm.

Please bear in mind that I am discussing the criticism of music as practiced in the daily newspapers of our land. I am not talking about the writing of books or lectures.

Critics make mistakes. If they are conscientious—and they should be—they rue those mistakes and do everything in their power to correct them. There is no such thing as infallible criticism.

This undeniable lack of infallibility leads to the clashing of opinions, and, as I have pointed out many times in *Music and Music Makers,* the tonal art thrives on divergent views.

If I say in print that Mr. or Mrs. or Miss So-and-So performed Liszt's *Méphisto Waltz* in an exemplary manner and you let me know in no uncertain terms that you consider my verdict altogether wrong and hopelessly lopsided, then you and I can gain much by examining and re-examining our views. Naturally, neither you nor I would profit in the least if the clashing of our opinions did not induce us to look for weaknesses or clear proofs of strength in our arguments. But I am sure that views in collision do, as a rule, impel honest and conscientious men and women to further and more intensive study.

Many newspapers consider the criticism of music a valuable part of the service they undertake to render their readers. For this reason they are at pains to engage critics who are at home, so to speak, in the field of music. Unfortunately, however, some papers pay little or no attention to music. They either ignore important concerts entirely or give totally unqualified persons the assignments to "cover" such events. Music suffers from reporting of the latter kind.

Concerts Are News

Concerts have a certain amount of news value, and no newspaper can afford to neglect news. A critic who knows his business gives the *news,* and news is

called news because it is *new*. In addition, the critic presents his or her evaluation of a concert.

It is important that these evaluations appear in print as soon after the concerts as possible, for the judgments of critics, like the concerts themselves, have news value. If those judgments are delayed, they lose much of that particular value and, as a result, fail in many instances to arouse interest on the part of readers. Consequently, the practice of printing newspaper criticisms of concerts—criticisms with by-lines—either on the morning or the afternoon after a concert does much to keep interest alive. Just as a critic should write while the iron is still hot, so readers want to read before the passing of days has let the metal become cold or lukewarm.

Those of us who set great store by music long and strive for a widespread, burning, and constantly increasing interest in the tonal art. Newspaper criticisms that appear in print before an event has been dimmed or actually effaced by time do much to foster such interest. And everyone realizes how rapidly our crowded and rushing way of living can either dim or efface an event in the minds of many men and women.

The European custom of publishing newspaper reviews of concerts days or weeks after the occurrence can, in some instances, make for criticism better bolstered and more carefully expressed than that which must keep an eye on the tyrannical deadline. But, except in the case of eager students and especially curious and inquisitive concert-goers, delayed criticism does not do what it should to keep interest hot and alive among the rank and file. Much, of course, depends on the ability or the reputation of the critic.

Perhaps one should say that although the European system sometimes brings about better *criticism*, it does not, as a rule, lead to *journalism* as effective as the kind one sees in the good newspapers published in the United States.

But does anyone believe that criticisms written days or weeks after an event always do away with the tyranny of the deadline? Critics are human beings, and many human beings have a tendency to postpone required work to the last minute. Those of you who are teachers know that more than one student is innately prone to put off preparing for an examination as long as he can. In like manner, some of those critics with no deadline to meet immediately after a concert are likely to keep postponing their writing until a deadline just as tyrannical has begun to stare them in the face. Would such a deadline be as

good for criticism as one that rears it head immediately after a concert? I doubt it. Much could have happened in the meantime to detract the critic's attention from the event he must discuss and evaluate. Even after the passing of days or weeks a critic might find it necessary to gather his thoughts in a big hurry. Nobody's memory is perfect, and the taking of notes is by no means a cure-all.

If you say that I am grinding an axe, I plead guilty. Why? Not for personal reasons, but solely because I am convinced that the American way of handling newspaper criticism serves its important purpose with far more effectiveness for the average reader than the European method.

Some American Critics

Our country has produced some of the world's most competent music critics.

Think of James Gibbons Huneker. He belongs to American literature. When will the men and women who write histories of American literature wake up to the fact that Huneker deserves an important place in their books?

Think of Lawrence Gilman. He, too, was a master of beautiful English prose.

Think of Philip Hale, the sage of Boston.

Some of the best writing from the pens of these critics had to be done while a deadline kept prodding with unrelenting tyranny.

The fact that I disagree with some of Hale's pronouncements does not prevent me from stating with all the emphasis at my command that no music critic of any land or in any age had greater ability than Hale.

Hale had his likes and dislikes. His pen was as sharp as it was facile. So was his wit. His knowledge of music was awe-inspiring. He was admired. He was feared. Some readers, I am sure, often saw red when they pored over what he had written. But Hale commanded and compelled respect —even among those who felt the power and the sting contained in some of his writings.

I do not know whether Hale arrived at his estimate of the music of Sir Edward Elgar in the course of one particular concert, immediately after that event, or on the basis of prolonged study and reflection; but I do know that the hammerblows with which he smashed the music of Sir Edward were, and still are, as devastating as anything could be.

What did Hale say about the English composer's works? Well, on one occasion he pounded Sir Edward's music to pulp by quoting the words which William Hazlitt wrote about a speech delivered by the Marquis Wellesley, the

eldest brother of the Duke of Wellington.

This is what Hazlitt said:

> Seeming to utter volumes in every word, and yet saying nothing; retaining the same unabated vehemence of voice and action without anything to excite it; still keeping alive the promise and the expectation of genius without once satisfying it—soaring into mediocrity with adventurous enthusiasm, harrowed up by some plain matter of fact, writhing with agony under a truism, and launching a commonplace with all the fury of a thunderbolt.

Could anything be more devastating?

Concerning Elgar's *Enigma Variations* Hale wrote as follows:

> Elgar's *Variations* were once regarded as a brilliant show-piece for an orchestra. There was a time when Elgar was held to be a "great" composer. Time, the Old Man with a Scythe, has a disconcerting way of handling it. The music, with a few exceptions, seems at the best respectable in a middle-class manner; the sort of music that gives the composer the degree of Mus. Doc. from an English university. In Elgar's case, his music won him knighthood, and to this day there are "Elgar Festivals" in England. Was Cecil Gray too severe when he wrote of Elgar: "He never gets entirely away from the atmosphere of pale, cultured idealism and the unconsciously hypocritical, self-righteous Pharisaical gentlemanliness which is so characteristic of British art in the last century"?

But Hale, with all his ability, did not succeed in persuading everybody that Elgar was a false alarm.

Maybe the well-known conductor with whom I discussed the *Enigma Variations* a short time ago never read Hale's smashing indictment of that work. Maybe he did. At any rate, he does not share Hale's opinion. Do I share it? I do so in part. But that is unimportant. I am merely trying to show that clashes of opinion are miraculously helpful to us as we study the art of music and, in the course of our sojourn on earth, put forth every effort to learn at least a little about this wonderful art. Therefore I am glad that Hale wrote about Elgar as he did.

Thank goodness, the criticism of music can be honest and untrammeled in our land—and, in many instances, even totally wrong. Yes, criticism that is in the wrong can be just as helpful as criticism that is in the right.

RECENT RECORDINGS

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG. *Peer Gynt Suites Nos. 1 and 2.* The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—Fine performances of this graphic and richly expressive music. One seldom hears the second suite. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM-7002.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. *Fantasia in C, Op. 17. Traumeswirren,* from *Fantasiestücke, Op. 12.* Alexander Brailowsky, pianist.—The *Fantasia* is one of Schumann's great works, and Brailowsky is one of the great pianists of our time. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM-9003.

THE GAY NINETIES WITH HELEN TRAUBEL. *Take Me Out to the Ball Game; A Bird in a Gilded Cage; Waiting for the Robert E. Lee; The Curse of an Aching Heart; After the Ball; Mother Was a Lady; My Pony Boy; Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home.* Helen Traubel, soprano, with the RCA Victor Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—Strictly speaking, the title is a misnomer; for only three of the songs date from the last decade of the nineteenth century. But much of the spirit of the Gay Nineties went over into the first two decades of the twentieth century. This album is well worth owning. Joe Laurie, Jr., wrote the booklet accompanying the set. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM-7005.

MAX BRUCH. *Concerto No. 1, in G Minor, for Violin and Orchestra. Op. 26.* Jascha Heifetz, violinist, with the London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent. —an exemplary performance of a work of which neither violin students nor the concert world at large will ever grow weary. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM-9007.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Symphony No. 4, in E Minor, Op. 98.* The NBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini.—I have never heard Toscanini conduct Brahms with greater fidelity to the intrinsic character of the music. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM-1713.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OVERTURES. *The Mikado, The Pirates of Penzance, H. M. S. Pinafore, Iolanthe,* and *The Yeomen of the Guard.* The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—Sprightly readings of this invigorating music. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM-7006.

GREAT COMBINATIONS. *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny,* by James Bland, and *My Old Kentucky Home,* by Stephen Foster. Marian Anderson, contralto, with Gregor Piatigorsky, 'cellist, and Franz Rupp, pianist. *Ombra mai fu,* from Handel's *Xerxes,* and *In the Silence of the Night,* by Sergei Rachmaninoff. Robert Merrill, baritone, with Yehudi Menuhin, violinist, and Carol Hollister, pianist. *Angel's Serenade,* by Gaetano Braga, and *O Dry Those Tears,* by Teresa del Riego. Jan Peerce, tenor, with Mischa Elman, violinist, and Wolfgang Rosé, pianist. *None But the Lonely Heart,*

by Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky, and *Calm as the Night,* by Carl Bohm. Ezio Pinza, bass, with Nathan Milstein, violinist, and Gibner King, pianist. *Élégie,* by Jules Massenet, and *Barcarolle,* from Jacques Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann.* Risë Stevens, mezzo-soprano, with Mischa Elman, violinist, and Brooks Smith, pianist.—One need not hesitate to predict that this album will soon be a best seller. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM-1703.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Requiem Mass.* The Salzburg Domchor, with the Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra and Hilde Gueden, soprano; Rosette Anday, contralto; Julius Patzak, tenor, and Josef Greindl, bass. The conductor is Josef Messner.—This recording was made at the famous Salzburg Festival. Messner gives a heart-stirring reading of one of the greatest of all sacred works. The *Requiem* was begun by Mozart in the last year of his life and completed by Francois Xavier Süssmayer. 33⅓ rpm. Remington R-199-96.

FRANZ LISZT. *Méphisto Waltz; Consolation No. 3, in D Flat Major; Spanish Rhapsody.* Gyorgy Sandor, pianist.—Breath-taking piano-playing. Sandor is one of my favorite pianists. 33⅓ rpm. Columbia ML-2209.

ANTONIN DVORAK. *Symphony No. 5, in E Minor, Op. 95 (from the New World).* The Cleveland Orchestra under George Szell.—Szell, himself a Czech, sheds new light on this well-known symphony. The performance is completely authoritative. 33⅓ rpm. Columbia ML-4541.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER. Overtures to *Der Freischütz* and *Oberon.* The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York under George Szell.—Masterful readings of two imperishable masterpieces. 33⅓ rpm. Columbia AAL-19.

ENCORES. *Grave,* by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach-Fritz Kreisler. *Allegretto in the Style of Niccolo Porpora, Praeludium and Allegro in the Style of Pugnani, Minuet in the Style of Porpora, Londonderry Air* —all by Kreisler. *Presto in B Flat Major,* by Francis Poulenc, Jascha Heifetz; *Ao pé da Foqueira (Preludio XV),* by Valle (a Latin American composer)—Heifetz; *Meditation* from *Thais,* by Jules Massenet; *Black Swan,* by Heitor Villa-Lobos; *Marche Joyeuse,* by Emmanuel Chabrier-Samuel Dushkin; *Chaconne in G Minor,* by Tommaso Antonio Vitali. Zino Francescatti, violinist, with Artur Balsam at the piano.—Shall one say that Francescatti is a Paganini *redivivus?* I am inclined to think so. 33⅓ rpm. Columbia ML-4534.

ANCIENT MUSIC OF THE CHURCH. *Recitativo in Stilo Oratorii,* by Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672); *De Profundis,* by Hammerschmidt (1612-1675); *Conductus: Homo, Vide,* by Perotin (1236-?); *Laudate Dominum,* by Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643). William Warfield, baritone, with Andrew Tietjen at the organ. The composition by Perotin is unaccompanied. KARL LOEWE BAL-

LADS. *Kleiner Haushalt, Des Glockentürmers Töchterlein, Hochzeitslied, Süsses Begräbnis,* and *Odins Meeresritt.* Mr. Warfield, with Otto Herz at the piano.—Magnificent artistry. Warfield, as you know, is the Negro baritone who sang *Ol' Man River* with such wonderful effectiveness in the recent motion-picture version of Jerome Kern's *Show Boat.* 33⅓ rpm. Columbia ML-4545.

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG. *Peer Gynt Suite No. 1* and *Four Norwegian Dances, Op. 35.* The Philharmonia Orchestra of London under Anatole Fistoulari.—Readings full of life and pertinence. 33⅓ rpm. M-G-M E3001.

PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY. *Symphony No. 5, in E Minor, Op. 64.* The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Antal Dorati.—I admire the pointedness and the clarity exemplified in Dorati's conducting. 33⅓ rpm. Mercury MG-50008.

CLAUDE ACHILLE DEBUSSY. *Petite Suite.* MAURICE RAVEL. *Mother Goose.* Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, duo-pianists.—Excellent performances of the original four-hand versions of these compositions. The *Petite Suite* does not represent Debussy at his best, but *Mother Goose* is a great masterpiece. 33⅓ rpm. M-G-M E161.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN. *Symphony No. 4, in A Major, Op. 90 (Italian).* WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Symphony No. 40, in G Minor (K. 550).* The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Dorati.—The comment about the reading of Tchaikovsky's *Fifth* applies with equal forcefulness to these performances. 33⅓ rpm. Mercury MG-50010.

HECTOR BERLIOZ. *Harold in Italy, Op. 16.* William Primrose, viola, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart. —A great master of the viola joins forces with a great orchestra under a great conductor to give a magnificent exposition of one of Berlioz' finest works. 33⅓ rpm. Columbia ML-4542.

The New Books

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR BELIEVE AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

Unsigned reviews are by the Editors

NOTE: The majority of American publishers issue their important books during the fall, winter, and spring. The publishing year follows rather closely the academic pattern with the result that the beginning of September is somewhat like the beginning of a new year.

Announcements of forthcoming books for the fall and winter are already off the presses of the publishers. The lists are long and exciting. Almost every major or near-major writer is represented. Every field offers many new books of great promise and great interest.

On the 8th of September, Scribner published Ernest Hemingway's new story *The Old Man and the Sea* ($3.00). It was an auspicious way to start the year. A beautiful story excellently told. In its own way it is so nearly perfect that it at once offers a challenge to all writers and publishers to live up to its high standard in what promises to be a glorious publishing year.

—LITERARY EDITOR

RELIGION

INTER-COMMUNION

Edited by Donald Baillie and John Marsh. Harper. $4.00.

INTER-COMMUNION is the result of the work of the Second World Conference on Faith and Order held at Edinburgh in 1937. It was felt by members of this Conference that there might be a closer contact between fellow Christians on the basis of union at the Table of the Lord.

Representatives of various religious groups and denominations were asked to contribute articles on the problem of inter-communion. This book, then, presents the viewpoints of the different authors on this question.

The first section of the book traces the historical development of the question of inter-communion from the Apostolic church through the Reformation and down to the present ecumenical movement.

The contributions of the various men of different denominations compose the remainder of this volume. As is to be expected, the opinions presented are those which are usually

associated with the particular denomination presenting its viewpoint.

LUTHER P. KOEPKE

A DEFENSE OF THE SUPREME GOD

By P. H. Cummings. Philosophical Library. $3.00.

THE title of this little book is completely misleading, the content of no value, the price exorbitant, the object of its being written meaningless. In other words, no one should bother about reading it.

The only words of explanation to the forty-seven pages is that "In this small volume, the author sets down the essence and the results of thirty years of pondering and searching for philosophical truth." One wonders when the pondering and where the searching was done.

A few quotations may give an idea of the type of writing. Concerning creation the author says: "The work of creation was carried out by the many fallen minions or gods under the direction of Satan. The first act of Satan after his banishment was to take Fear as his mate and their offspring was Death. Knowledge of this was conveyed to the Supreme God, and He appointed His Son—the Christ—as His Memorial or Memory to combat or offset Death the offspring of Satan."

"On this Biblical Day, or the Seventh Eon, the Supreme God retired forever from any connection or communion with material matters or with humanity."

"No matter the way of our going, or the time of our going, we go when our masters—the gods Satan and Death call us. And the Supreme God does not enter into it."

It is a problem in the mind of the reviewer how a man can arrive at such a meaningless conglomeration of nothingness after thirty years of study. I doubt whether God or any type of god would be interested in the defense Mr. Cummings gives.

LUTHER P. KOEPKE

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS

By A. Dupont-Sommer. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. $1.50.

IN SPRING of 1947, a Bedouin shepherd came across a hitherto-unknown cave in the wasteland near the Dead Sea. In the cave were a number of scrolls, representing what was left of the library of some Jewish sect which had flourished about a century before the time of Christ. These scrolls have since been intensively studied by scholars in Europe, Israel, and North America and the present book is a preliminary evaluation of their origins and contents.

Professor Dupont-Sommer identifies the Jewish sect as the Sect of the New Covenant and notes similarities between the teachings of the sect and the personality of its leader and the later teachings of Christianity and the personality of the Savior. He believes that the sect is either forerunner to, or identical with, the later Essenes. Among the scrolls are commentaries on Isaiah and Habakkuk, the *Rule* of the sect, a set of psalms of thanksgiving, and a *Rule of Battle for the Sons of Light.*

The author believes that the dis-

covery of these scrolls will have a profound effect upon the biblical scholarship of the next half century and will throw new light on problems of many primitive Christian writings.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN A SECULARIZED WORLD

By John R. Lavik. Augsburg. $2.00.

THE author of this book has had a fruitful ministry in The Evangelical Lutheran Church as pastor, scholar, teacher, school administrator, and synodical official. He has twice represented his Church as delegate to Lutheran World Conferences in Europe. He was also awarded a lectureship at Luther Theological Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota.

In this book Dr. Lavik calls attention to the church's responsibility to analyze and appraise this secularized age in which it finds itself. The deepest and most distressing problems of sin-burdened mankind must be dealt with from the viewpoint of eternity. The author offers helpful solutions through a positive approach to the problems confronting the Christian Church. "When the Church is true to its Lord and to itself, it is always 'For' rather than 'Against.'" The chapter *Teaching Them* (IX) makes out a good case for the Christian education of the Church's youth. Sunday schools, "released time" and vacation Bible schools receive favorable mention. Unfortunately, any reference to the Christian Day School is painfully omitted by the author. Is the Church too secular-minded to make the sacrifices needed for the establishment of this most effective educational agency within the Christian Church?

H. H. KUMNICK

STRENGTHENED WITH MIGHT

By Harold Wilke. The Westminster Press. $1.50.

THIS brief analysis of a dynamic call to new horizons on behalf of all handicapped persons is indeed a tonic for jaded personalities, whether you be crippled or whole. The significant title is scriptural: ". . . that He would grant you . . . to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man" (Ephesians 3:16).

Effectively phrased because all of it has been personally experienced, this discussion of will power does stimulate wholesome thinking. Essentially, the three emphases are: looking inward, to gain control of oneself; looking outward, to assert oneself in society as an individual; and looking upward, to solve our soul's search. In brief, it correctly claims, if you have a problem don't be a problem; and thereupon it proceeds to demonstrate its hopeful theory.

Born without arms, the author consequently faced reality from the start. At present Harold Wilke is minister of St. Paul's Evangelical and Reformed Church in Crystal Lake, Illinois. As his earlier book on war veterans, called *Greet the Man,* similarly reveals, he is at his best when counselling all kinds of disabled people. In such capacity, particularly as Protestant chaplain under Dr. Karl Menninger at the Veterans Hospital in Topeka, Kansas, he has assisted numerous unhappy and distressed hu-

mans to find themselves once more.

Frank and discerning, the author illustrates his points vividly with actual examples. As I read, I was eager for fuller exposition; but right here is where the reader becomes creative in his own thinking, namely in achieving a fresh understanding of God's boundless mercy.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

BELLES-LETTRES

THE BACKGROUND OF MODERN POETRY

By J. Isaacs. Dutton.

PROFESSOR ISAACS, for ten years Professor of English Language and Literature at the University of Jerusalem and since January a member of the faculty of the University of London, offers in this slender volume an excellent aid to the reader of modern poetry, whether scholar or layman.

With a remarkable erudition which never becomes pedantic, Professor Isaacs defends modern poets against the oft-repeated charge that they "know nothing of English poetry beyond what Mr. Eliot has taught them or Mr. Leavis has tried to teach them." He asserts that modern poets are continuing on the path of poetic tradition and are carrying poetry farther along this path.

The lover of poetry who has been baffled by the apparent obscurities of the moderns will find considerable help in Professor Isaacs' excellent discussions of Imagism and Symbolism.

The literary criticism of this book is acute, sensitive, and scholarly, yet highly readable. Professor Isaacs is sympathetic with the moderns without being blinded to their faults.

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY

Edited by B. Rajan. Roy.

THIS volume, edited and published in England, consists of seven separate essays, five of which each treat the work of a distinguished contemporary poet, and of a little anthology (about thirty poems) of contemporary American poetry, edited by Vivienne Koch.

Notable among the individual essays are Frederick Brantley's essay on the work of Robert Penn Warren and Theodore Spencer's article on E. E. Cummings.

The poems in the anthology were selected because they had never before been published in England—some indeed had not been previously published at all. Included are poems by Robert Lowell, Norman Macleod, Wallace Stevens, and William Carlos Williams, among others.

This volume is by no means light reading, and the critical portion is frequently quite technical, but the careful reader will be well repaid and occasionally even delighted for his efforts.

FICTION

ESCAPE FROM PARADISE

By Katharine N. Burt. Scribner. $3.00.

TO ISOLATE the story of *Escape From Paradise* from the author's most individual telling of it, leaves

a plot madder than a radio serial. Maggie Eustace, orphan, is swept from poverty into the opulent, mannerly world of her Aunt Kinny. The inevitable triangle commences early in the book since this eccentric relative has also taken two other children under her ample wing, the angelic Selena and Luke, a charming demon. An incalculable number of complications develop before the tale ends.

But Miss Burt, with a restrained and supple skill with words, whips the presposterous story into an acceptable novel. She writes of sin with a depth reached by few other contemporary writers, with the notable exception of Graham Greene. Her realization of evil arises as profoundly as a confession from the Book of Common Prayer. Although far from a great book, *Escape From Paradise* has much to recommend it to the mature reader. ROBERTA DONSBACH

THE HUNT

By Warren Carrier. New Directions. $2.75.

WARREN CARRIER is an assistant professor of English at the State University of Iowa (according to the dust jacket) with an educational background encompassing Wabash, Miami, University of Mexico, Duke, University of North Carolina, and Harvard. With all of this one might expect that his first novel (he has been doing poems, reviews, and translations) might be significant, or, lacking that, even interesting. Unfortunately, it is neither.

The Hunt is the story of two brothers, psychologically and sexually perverted, who attempt an escape after one of them has murdered their father. Rather, it is the story of the attempt of the murderer to escape and the attempt of his brother to make up his mind what he should do in the circumstances. A not-very-well-adjusted woman who is emotionally involved with both brothers is also in the escape and the hunt that follows. The whole business is messy, dirty, and adolescent.

The New Directions Press has, over the years, rendered an outstanding service to American literature by affording a market to what could, I suppose, be called *avant-garde* literature. It has served neither itself nor literature generally by stooping to a book of the caliber of *The Hunt*. If this is *avant-garde* then we will all need protection from the horde when it arrives.

MORNING IN KANSAS

By Kenneth S. Davis. Doubleday. $3.95.

AUTHOR Davis apparently had three equally interesting stories to tell when he conceived *Morning in Kansas*. The dominant tale concerns seventeen-year-old Earle Borden whose introverted high school life is haunted by fears, indecision and a type of "I am born to be a victim" complex. Forming the background of this plot is the second story, the saga of the people in a small Kansas college town during the depression years.

Placed in the middle third of the book is the other narration, an account of get-rich-quick David Bald-

ridge, his mansion, and his son. With much difficulty Davis tries near the end of the novel to tie the Baldridge story, which takes place at the turn of the century, to the Borden story.

Earle Borden's awakening or "blossoming out" at the end of his adolescence, and America emerging from the depression give rise to the title "Morning." A small town doctor, the agricultural-business college, and Earle's parents put the setting in the Middle West, and specifically "in Kansas."

In general, the three stories are independently fascinating though poor coordination of the plots near the end detracts from the whole effect. The style is good and the satire is in many places brilliant.

DON CAMILLO AND HIS FLOCK

By Giovanni Guareschi. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3.00.

A couple of years ago Giovanni Guareschi (called the Italian James Thurber) wrote a charming story about a Roman Catholic priest in a small Italian city and his many conflicts with and triumphs over its Communist mayor. He called it *The Little World of Don Camillo.* It had a very welcome response in this country from the critics and from the reading public. Mr. Guareschi has now extended the activities of his protagonists into a new series of conflicts and in so doing he has produced a novel that if not quite as charming and delightful as the first is only the less so because it does not have the advantage of newness.

The charm that invests the priest and mayor lies in the fact that neither is the one all-good nor is the other all-bad. In their conflicts they are revealed as real individuals attempting to work out solutions to the problems brought about by living together in an interdependent society. Both, however, feel the need to work out solutions within frameworks supplied them by their respective institutions. The Roman Catholic Church and the Communist Party of Italy would probably both frown on some of their activities. It is all done in such a delightful manner, however, that this account of their efforts, victories, and defeats provides a refreshing and enjoyable evening of reading.

HEAVEN PAYS NO DIVIDENDS

By Richard Kaufmann. Viking. $3.50.

Rodie (for Roderich) Stamm is the hero of this readable novel out of post-war Germany. Author Kaufmann, who writes while living in the Bavarian Alps with his wife and three children, pens a moving story, telling of Rodie's life—from his birth in a villa on the Rhine and its nostalgic remembrance, through his youth and his somewhat unconscious and passive resistance to the fervor and growth of Hitlerism, his various illnesses and the consequent trips to the south of Europe, his war experiences as a lance-corporal who wants no higher rank, to his post-war drifting.

The impression left with the reader, and I suppose it is the one the author intended, is that Rodie went through

it all, and is still going, in a state of wide-eyed, somewhat bemused and not really lamented bewilderment. Rodie never seems to get worked up about anything—at least he never strikes back with any ardor or great passion against what others might consider the unfair pressures and courses of life. The whole mood of the book is, in fact, a fatalistic one. One gets the perhaps unfortunate impression that Rodie thinks the whole affair of the second War might well have turned out another way and that Rodie wouldn't have shown any great feelings either way on that either.

THEODORA AND THE EMPEROR

By Harold Lamb. Doubleday. $4.50.

HAROLD LAMB, who is known for his biographical and historical narratives, has turned his attention to the reign of the Roman Emperor Justinian and his wife Theodora. Mr. Lamb has made a specialty of the Near East and his most recent work before this concerned the figure of Suleiman.

Justinian's reign started in 527 and ended with his death in 565. During that time the Roman Empire was at its height, and, as so often happened in such cases in history, at the beginning of its decline. Justinian and Theodora, in their palaces in Constantinople, must share much of the credit and much of the blame. Mr. Lamb gives a vivid and fascinating account of the role that Justinian's wife played in all of this. For Theodora was not one to sit quietly on the side lines with folded hands and allow the destiny of the Empire to rest entirely in her husband's hands. In many ways she complemented her husband, but in other ways she supplanted him. Mr. Lamb builds a convincing case for putting her first in his title.

Theodora and the Emperor is not a historical novel of the sort that one ordinarily thinks of in this connection. Mr. Lamb has an eye for historical accuracy and a real ability to re-create the past in narrative form. Granted, of course, that any narrative founded on past history will contain a great deal of surmise, still and all Mr. Lamb has come fairly close to writing a biography rather than a narrative.

This book places some emphasis on the overtones of the eventual break-up of the Roman Empire as they cropped up in the very nature and outlook of these two "rulers." Theodora and her concern with the east and particularly the eastern portion of the Church, and Justinian with his concern for the west and the western portion of the Church centering around the Pope at Rome. The divided attention which followed from this dichotomy resulted in insufficient attention to both parts of the Empire.

Justinian has so often been known as the "law giver" after his famous code of laws, the *Corpus Juris*. (The dust jacket says that the *Corpus Juris* is the very foundation of our modern laws. This, of course, is not true. Nevertheless, the *Corpus Juris* is an example of codification of great import on the continent of Europe, and is important in this country for com-

parative purposes.) Unfortunately, very little attention is given to this event in the book. The inspiration for and creation of the great church of the Sancta Sophia is, however, recorded in fine detail.

LOST HILL

By Dorothy E. Smith. Dutton. $3.00.

MRS. SMITH begins her tale with the approach of a gypsy to Lost Hill, a farm in the "wind-bitten, sun-scorched, forsaken Yorkshire moorland." With the gypsy is an illegitimate child, the finding of the father of whom is one of the quests in which the author attempts to interest the patient reader. At Lost Hill, the gypsy (and the reader) become involved in rapid order with the owner, a newly-widowed emotional woman; an ex-soldier with a game leg, who may or may not be the father of the gypsy lad, but who definitely is a suitor of the Lost Hill widow; and several servants who serve to point up the problem of finding satisfactory help.

The heroine, unlike most heroines, at first falls in love with the rather vicious gypsy child instead of choosing an older male character, but she does come around to the conventional before the final page. All's well that ends well. PAUL A. SCHUETTE

IT HAPPENED TOMORROW

By Francis Williams. Abelard. $2.50.

THIS book is a novel in only the mechanical sense of the word. It is really a short work on political science but I suspect that Mr. Williams thought he would garner a larger audience if he disguised his format. Perhaps he will. Perhaps he should.

Mr. Williams is well-equipped to speak on political matters. During the last war he was head of the Press and Censorship Division of the Ministry of Information for the British Government. At the United Nations meeting in San Francisco he was in charge of the information service for the British delegation. He was Advisor on Public Relations to Clement R. Attlee during that gentleman's time as Prime Minister, and has also been chief Public Relations Officer at 10 Downing Street.

The story is rather simple. Richardson, an obscure electronic scientist in England, discovers a method of transmitting a message by supersonic sound. His transmitter can be superimposed on a movie projector or a radio transmitter and will transmit a message that can not be heard, in a recognizable form, by the human ear. However, the message enters the ear and goes straight to the brain without pausing to be digested, so to speak, in the ear proper and the conscious portion of the brain. The message acts directly on the brain and if it is an order it will be obeyed even though the recipient-obeyer is unaware of having received the order.

It does not take a very active imagination to conceive of the potentiality of this invention. It is first used in connection with a radio advertising campaign for a patent medicine. When the reason for the sudden jump in the popularity of this worthless nostrum is revealed there is mass indignation followed by a public real-

ization of the importance of this invention. Following this there is the planning and counter-planning on the most appropriate method of using this device as a weapon to secure peace for the whole world. The United Nations and a three-power "head-of-state" conference follows, but it would not be fair to reveal the ultimate solution reached.

This sounds rather far-fetched. With scientific and technological matters it is never safe any more to say that anything is far-fetched. (I have a respectable encyclopedia that says that the atom will never be smashed.) Mr. Williams has, however, given to all of this an ominous feeling of reality. The activities in the United Nations, the UN Committee meetings, and the gathering of the "heads-of-states" is nicely set forth. Mr. Williams has a ready ear for the language of the international conference and an appreciation of the difficulty of phraseology and ideology that has made so much of the work of international bodies and conferences a thing difficult to comprehend.

Yet, all of this is really a vehicle to allow Mr. Williams to speak his mind on international affairs, world cooperation, and the prospects for peace. What he has to say makes good sense. In one portion of the book when Richardson is at a loss to know exactly what he has invented or what is to become of it, he discusses the matter with an American and a Briton who are officials in the conference. In the course of it the following colloquy occurred.

. . . You can only solve problems of moral philosophy by understanding them. And that means thinking about them. Thinking hard. Training yourself to think. And to feel. To use your mind and your senses. You can only settle arguments of political philosophy by opening your mind. By not being afraid. But we're all busy learning not to think. And we're all learning to be afraid. Afraid of all the ideas that don't fit in with whatever way of life it is we've been taught is good. The Russians are afraid of democracy. We're afraid of communism. And we're both afraid of thinking because, if we thought, we might find ourselves somewhere different from where we are now.

"We'll go on being afraid to think so long as war is round the corner," said Richardson.

"No," said Kettering. "It's the other way. War will always be round the corner so long as we're afraid to think."

"It's going to take a long time to think ourselves out of this," Adams said.

"Why shouldn't it?" Kettering replied. "There's no short cut. It took a long time for catholicism and protestantism to understand that the struggle between them, and it's the profoundest in the world, has to be fought out on the level of ideas, not violence. It's going to take a long time for communism and democracy to understand each other. All we can do is to make war so expensive, and so uncertain, that no one will try to use it to cut the argument short. The argument's got to go on to its end. It's got to work itself out. That's the only way."

What appears, then, on the surface, to be simply another novel about the imagined future (a type that has been coming from the press with some regularity) turns out to be more than

that. It is true that most such novels have a heavy percentage of political philosophy and theory worked into them, but seldom is there so much good sense as in this one.

LAMENT FOR FOUR VIRGINS

By Lael Tucker. Random House. $3.50.

NOVELIST TUCKER presents an excellent picture of life and love in a small southern town where the leading families are identified by membership in the Cotillion Club and where the moral and social leadership centers in St. James's Episcopal Church. Four daughters of four socially prominent Andalusia families fall in love with their Anglican rector. So determined are they in their pursuit that the defenseless rector flees to a Montana parish. What happens to the girls during the next twenty years is sometimes tragic, sometimes shocking, always good reading. The time of the story is 1927-1947. The author, the daughter of a southern Episcopal minister, makes some sharp observations on clergy-laity relationships. Occasionally her craftsmanship falters, but she richly captures a way of life that will be appreciated by readers who grew up in one of Andalusia's counterparts.

CARLENE BARTELT

GENERAL

THE BIG CHANGE

By Frederick Lewis Allen. Harper. $3.50.

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN, editor of *Harper's Magazine,* has long been an astute observer of the century in which we are living. A casual acquaintance with *Harper's* in the last decade illustrates this. He has already covered certain periods of this century in earlier books: *Only Yesterday,* on the nineteen-twenties, and *Since Yesterday,* on the nineteen-thirties. He has also produced a biography of one of the great tycoons of the period: *The Great Pierpont Morgan,* and with his wife he has produced three volumes of pictures-and-text on current history. It is only natural, therefore, that when an appropriate moment came Mr. Allen should attempt a broader synthesis of these past fifty years (1900-1950). *The Big Change* is the result of this, and it is doubtful if anyone else will ever do in such a short work (293 pages) such an excellent job of evaluating these years. The dust jacket of the book says that it is "A new and hopeful kind of history . . . ," and it is, yet it is not written with the historian's love of detailed footnotes. Mr. Allen explains why.

Since *The Big Change* is primarily a summary, arrangement, analysis, and interpretation of reasonably familiar data rather than a journey of historical exploration, and since I have indicated in the text the sources for some specific facts which might be subject to challenge, it seems unnecessary to do this here.

The Big Change has three principal subdivisions: The beginning of the century as Mr. Allen found it on looking back, the years following in what he calls "The Momentum of Change," and the century as it looks to him in 1950.

After examining the year 1900, Mr.

Allen shows the continuing impact on it of mass production, the development of the automobile, the two world wars and our reluctant entrance as a world power, the "prosperity" of the twenties, the depression, the position of the Negroes, the ever-increasing pace of technological improvements, and the growth in public health and medicine. He touches on the role of advertising, the development and growth of radio and television, the advance of science, and the (to him) diminishing influence of organized religion as such.

In his examination of the United States at mid-century he finds an almost classless society with much less disparity between the rich and the poor. A new spirit of public responsibility in private business. A growing realization that the government of the United States is bound, of necessity, to increase in size along with the growth in size and complexity of the national life. A growing awareness among the American people of the fact that there is something missing in their lives and a counter-movement back to religion.

> Whether or not this drift away from formal religion is still the prevailing tide, there was manifest during the nineteen-forties a counter-movement. . . . Whether the incoming tide was yet stronger than the out-going one, or what the later drift would be, was still anybody's guess at the mid-century; but at least there was, and is, a confusion in the flow of religious feeling and habit.

Mr. Allen does not, however, in his examination of the present, share the pessimism with regard to moral and ethical standards prevalent in some areas of the country.

As for today's adults, there are undoubtedly many whose lack of connection with organized religion has left them without any secure standards; but as I think of the people I have actually known over a long period of time, I detect no general deterioration of the conscience: those I see today do a good many things that their grandparents would have considered improper, but few things they would have regarded as paltry or mean. And there has been taking place among these people, and in the country at large, a change of attitude that I am convinced is of great importance. During the half century the answer to the ancient question, "Who is my neighbor?" has been receiving a broader and broader answer.

Mr. Allen returns again and again to his theme that we have not been constructing a new form of government either political or economical. Rather we have been continually remaking an old one to make it run better, and that what we have is a *transformed* product. He points out that there have been in this period of time many patchwork revisions of the system, some good and some bad, but that the net effect has been to bring about a virtually automatic redistribution of income from the well-to-do to the less well-to-do, and that the impact of this has been to strengthen our economic machinery.

REPORT FROM FORMOSA

By H. Maclear Bate. Dutton. $3.50.

OF WHAT strategic importance is the Nationalist redoubt of Formosa? How broad is its sphere of

influence? These questions and a host of others prompted Mr. Bate, a British journalist, to make an intensive study of the Formosan enigma with the hope of shedding light on much of the confusion that the past few years have created. The book is an account of his impressions of the island since the Nationalist retreat from the Chinese mainland. There is an objective appraisal of military strength and its effect on the Chinese Reds. The author takes a sharp look at the government and economy of the island; at Chiang Kai-shek, his weaknesses, frustrations and ambitions. No attempt is made to "whitewash," but there is sympathetic understanding for acts done in the name of expediency. Most interesting is the analysis of the dilemmatic role played by the United States, now pouring arms and advice into the island. These are intended to insure the safety of the Pacific defense line, for without Formosa none would exist. Yet these same arms aid and abet Chiang in his effort to achieve his burning ambition—a return to the mainland, something toward which Washington has evinced a definite coolness.

QUIET PLEASE

By James Branch Cabell. University of Florida Press. $3.00.

Now in his seventies, Mr. Cabell in the autobiographical *Quiet Please* turns a gentle look upon his past, probing verbally into his old age, from which the title is drawn, his popularity won during the twenties as the author of *Jurgen* (which he admits has since diminished considerably), and at last his youth and the indiscretions thereof, of which Mr. Cabell seems to regret not a one.

The author takes an obvious delight in the mere combining of words in various pleasing patterns, which in turn makes delightful reading for one seeking something on the lighter side. Mr. Cabell's book carries no message—uncommon nowadays—but it does bring to the reader the ironic wit of an author whose fame has perhaps diminished, but not his literary skill.

PAUL A. SCHUETTE

RECOLLECTION OF THREE REIGNS

By Frederick, Lord Sysonby. Dutton. $5.00.

As SIR FREDERICK PONSONBY, the author served under Victoria, Edward VII, and George V in the royal household in positions that brought him into close contact with the great and near-great of both Britain and the Continent. Added to this remarkable background is the easy grace of the *raconteur* and the perceptiveness of a career diplomat gifted with something close to what the *New Yorker* would call "total recall."

For the rather limited audience which would be interested in the role of the sovereigns in British history during the past half century, this will be quite an illuminating book. It re-emphasizes that while it may be true that the King reigns but does not rule, it is equally certain that the King is no mere figurehead. Ed-

ward VII probably played a greater role than did any of his ministers in the foreign affairs of Britain during the first decade of the twentieth century. And George V, by virtue of his personality and his many years on the throne, came to enjoy a position of unique respect and influence in the latter years of his reign.

How they did it, and in what setting, is Lord Sysonby's story, a story told with elegance, humor, and understanding.

THE PORTABLE GIBBON, THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

Edited by Dero A. Saunders. Viking. $2.50.

FOR the reader with neither the time nor predilection to thread his way through Gibbon's complete *Decline and Fall* (six volumes written from 1776 to 1788,) Saunders' condensation provides not only a taste of the Gibbon style, but a fair amount of the original content as well.

Saunders has cut down the original to one volume principally by dropping the last half of the *Decline and Fall,* that portion dealing with the Eastern Empire following the fall of what is generally considered the Roman Empire proper. In the last chapter of the *Portable,* Saunders offers selections from the latter half of Gibbon's work.

The *Portable* contains roughly the story of the empire from the age of the Antonines (A.D. 98-180) to the fall in the West. Background chapters and paragraphs within chapters have been omitted in some cases.

All in all, Saunders has done an excellent job of giving the reader a broad-scale view of the Roman Empire as Gibbon saw it, without destroying to any great effect the continuity of the original.

PAUL A. SCHUETTE

HOW TO WRITE A BOOK

By Cecil Hunt. Philosophical Library. $3.00.

MR. HUNT, an English writer and literary editor, has produced out of his experiences on both sides of the publishing desk a relatively short work on some of the details and considerations involved in writing a book. About one-half of the book is concerned with problems that have a universal appeal to all would-be writers. Since someone once said (and almost everyone has once repeated) that there is *one* good book in everyone this should constitute a relatively large audience. In this portion of the book Mr. Hunt discusses some of the problems that arise in connection with both fiction and non-fiction. Such matters as source material, plots, characterization, length, humor (". . . be quite sure you are well advised before starting upon a humorous novel"), dialogue, indexing (there is not any in this book), titling, the etiquette of quotations, manuscript preparation, copyright considerations, forewords, dedications, etc.

In the remainder of the book Mr. Hunt takes up some of the problems of the literary agent, the publisher, the contract, and the legal aspects of authorship. This portion

of the book, however, was written with an eye on the situation in England and may not be authoritative for a beginning writer in this country. On the whole a rather well-written book (and this is certainly a type of book that should always be), and if you are thinking of trying your hand at a book there should be some helpful pointers in it for you.

WORLD BOOK OF MODERN BALLET

By John Martin. World. $6.00.

JOHN MARTIN, for twenty years dance critic of the New York Times, presents in this book a brief history of the main trends in the ballet from the end of the Diaghileff era to the present day. He deals rather sketchily with the ballet in England and France, mentions Germany in passing, and ignores the U.S.S.R. It is his belief that the future of ballet lies mainly in America and it is perhaps for this reason that he limits himself largely to a tracing of the rise of the ballet in America. He says:

> The philosophy behind his (Lincoln Kirstein's) project for bringing Balanchine to America grew out of history. The French ballet had been born of the invasion of the comparatively barbarian court of the Valois by the elegancies of Italian musicians and dancers under the ardent patronage of Catherine de Medici. The magnificent ballet of Russia owed its origins to the importation two centuries later of a French master, Didelot, into an even more barbarian field. Now, another two centuries later, it would seem propitious, according to the analogy, to introduce a Russian master into the rich, unexploited barbarianism of America, to set him up in a substantial school which should be as near an equivalent as could be provided of courtly establishment, give him as soon as possible a company of unspoiled young performers to create with, and watch the rise of an American ballet.

His book is divided into twelve chapters, each chapter discussing the shortcomings and virtues of the various ballet companies which have flourished, both in this country and abroad, during the past twenty-five to thirty years. Starting with the death of Serge Diaghileff, whose influence on the Russian ballet, according to Mr. Martin, marked the nadir of its development, he traces the gradual reawakening of the ballet under the influence of Balanchine, Massine, Kirstein, Lichine, Tudor and others. Several chapters deal exclusively with the ballet in America and a great deal of attention is devoted to the Ballet Caravan, the Ballet Theatre, and the New York City Ballet.

Those readers who are not too familiar with the ballets themselves will find the brief sketch of the stories of the ballets Mr. Martin discusses both helpful and interesting. It is true that an uninitiated reader may become confused or even lost in the descriptions of the foundation, collapse, and re-organization of the various ballet companies but he will never be bored for Mr. Martin has a vital and lively style which holds the interest and attention of his reader.

About the future of the ballet Mr. Martin is optimistic for he says in his conclusion:

The day of the "international" ballet, such as Diaghileff's and the Ballets Russes that were patterned after it, is apparently over. There are few homeless ballets abroad these days, facing the choice of either conforming to the lowest common standards of all the peoples they visit or starving to death in the pride of snobbism. . . .

. . . the contemporary trend is strongly away from itineracy as a way of artistic life and toward institutionalization, with a centering of activities about a home theatre, a home school, a home public. . . . The realization of this in practice is perhaps in its essence the most important development in the ballet of our time.

The book is beautifully illustrated with 160 photographs.

PATTERSON FRIEDRICH

SO LONG TO LEARN

By John Masefield. Macmillan. $3.00.

TO CALL this memoir of his enrichment in life an autobiography would be stretching the term. As England's Poet Laureate says near the book's ending, "Some of my life I have told elsewhere in stories published; the rest of it I am writing in work still unfinished. In these pages, I have told all that has seemed important to me in my effort to become a writer and teller of tales. What has 'seemed important' is what I have known to be helpful." The significant title comes from Chaucer's *The Parliament of Fowls:*

The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th' assay so hard, so sharp the conquering.

This little book is thus an intellectual odyssey. Granted, as the author asserts, "the speculation of a boy is seldom of much account, save as a key to his mind," here are the explorations, adventures, experiments, and conclusions of an influential modern author as he developed through adolescence into manhood and artistic maturity. It is not a prose counterpart of Wordsworth's poem on The Growth of a Poet's Mind; yet there are in it revealing passages of romantic strength. Side by side the reader encounters the ecstatic and the sad—much as in one's own recollections of earlier days—through Masefield's cherished memories of influential places, persons, tales, customs, and similar lore. The details, however are seldom really developed.

I feel that this work is lacking in depth but not in vitality. In the manner of Lob in Barrie's *Dear Brutus,* or of Peter Pan in another of his dramas as the antithesis thereof, Masefield here fuses age with youth, achievement with effort, as a prelude to real life and joy in discussing his writings of the past half century.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

ON BEING INTELLIGENT

By Ashley Montagu. Schuman. $2.95.

SOME readers of the CRESSET might enjoy a study in the wider reaches of anthropology. For the author introduces the reader first of all to the question of the mind expressing itself through the various parts of the body. That however is in no narrow

sense. For the author of this book is interested in the whole of social experience.

Professor Montagu comes well equipped both in training and experience to handle his problem. He has been a scientist, teacher, lecturer and public figure. It is not surprising that he believes that when the individual develops an intelligent approach to others that he acquires the means for an intelligent approach to himself.

Professor Montagu desires to show how to handle the dangerous impulse, when to express emotions and when to control them. He does not fear *arteriosclerosis*—the hardening of the arteries, as much as he fears psychosclerosis—the hardening of the mental arteries. BENJAMIN LOTZ

THE LADY AND THE LUMBERJACK

By Olive Barber. Crowell. $3.00.

THIS is a sort of an autobiography. It touches the courtship and early years of marriage of the author to a lumberjack. Until her marriage Mrs. Barber was a school teacher, and she recounts what it was like to suddenly find herself in a lumber camp in a day when it was just beginning to be thought proper for a wife to accompany her husband to such a camp—theretofore thought to belong only to men. Her stories of the events and incidents in the camp provide a certain amount of interesting reading and in spots some humor; but, more significantly, they also provide an insight into the author's life and thoughts.

It is somewhat difficult to understand the readiness with which Mrs. Barber surrendered her background and accepted so enthusiastically and so completely a group of persons who, to say the least, reflected an entirely different moral, ethical, and social pattern than that to which she had been accustomed. A pattern bordering at the best on bad taste and at the worst on a cheapening of customarily accepted values. That she should have then written a book glorifying this pattern seems somewhat ill-considered.

The READING ROOM

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

Presidential Personalities

THE two major aspirants to the highest political office in our land have decent enough personalities. Eisenhower is a pleasant man of average or less than average stature whose shining head nevertheless reflects his presence in the tallest crowd. A pronounced captivating warmth and a lingering comfort radiate from his quick and infectious smile and his sparkling crowfeet eyes. On occasion, he has electrified disciples, friends, and curious onlookers with his vigorous handshake, that staccato delivery of words, or with persuasive speeches. Many people have obviously been impressed by his sincere simplicity, courage, confidence, and straightforward and sometimes rough dignity. Because he's as solid as a bottle of beer, it's easy to like Ike.

Adlai Stevenson walks in an almost perpetual air of culture and high breeding that hardly anyone can really dislike. His words are often put together like the majestic poetry of Lake Michigan reaching for the Emersonian overtones of Indiana's blue sky in September's warm and hazy twilight. Nevertheless—if the situation calls for such action—the Illinois governor can drag his vocabulary out of the little old vinegar barrel. At one moment, Mr. Stevenson acts like Aristotle, Cicero, and Tom Jefferson all rolled into one superb philosopher and statesman. By a quick turn of character, his irrepressible urge to become a ham actor predominates and he can become a political punster or a brittle and casual Bob Hope. As in the case of Ike, a balding head and an expanding front indicate the coffee-time of life. It's easy to like Adlai who is as effervescent as a glass of shimmering champagne.

The Political Forest

BOTH of these presidential candidates are expert in the use of words and the skills that direct thoughts to the hearts and minds of the average people of America. The average man, however, finds it rather difficult at times to pick his way through the forests of

political eloquence. The words seem to be put together in a nice way but the average man doesn't always understand them. When bewildered by all this politicking and when indifferent, the average American begins to poke fun. The remarks one hears on nearly every street corner in our town symbolizes such reactions. "Why should we be interested in politics—it's a game in which the public is sucker-bait for votes. These politicians only use nice words to fog over their real motives." "It's a dirty game—the best politician wants no more, no less, but to get on the gravy train. Some might be dressed a little better, but they all want to get at the trough." "You know what politicians want, don't you? They're not interested in me, they're interested in my votes." "Republican? Democrat? Socialist? What difference does it all make? They're all alike. Now take this Ike guy. He's a nice enough fellow all right. He's supposed to lead us outs. But he says about the same thing as Stevenson even if it doesn't all sound the same. He makes the same promises. Why he even promises more—now take this farm speech in Minnesota, he promised 10% more parity than Stevenson. He must be a socialist like all the rest of that crowd. Even Taft has been for federal aid to education. He's for a federal housing bill!"

Consensus

To a large degree, it's certainly true that politicians are not primarily interested in the unique principles and distinctive attitudes that distinguish parties. It's a well-known proposition in the study of government that party politics is basically job politics. And it is not issue or policy politics. Though I do not mean to say that there is absolutely no difference between parties, I do mean to say that the parties, particularly our two major parties, are nearer to agreement than the speeches of the job-aspirants would indicate or at various times do indicate. They must be near to agreement since political party leaders must appeal to the same population of voters. To garner votes from this same population of voters, Republicans and Democrats must be governed by the wishes of the majority and must promise about the same things—or they will not win elections. To put it more specifically, if Eisenhower and Stevenson want the farmer vote, both will have to promise parity, price support, marketing and production controls for perishable and non-perishable agricultural products. If Ike and Adlai want the labor vote, both will have to promise repeal of the Taft-Hartley law or an extreme modification of the law which would probably be equivalent to repeal.

American parties, furthermore, have to be very much alike because they operate in one and the same society and are therefore based on the same fundamental assumptions upon which our society is based. A successful American party cannot make too radical or reactionary departures from these assumptions. Both major parties must be slow to be the first by whom the new is tried and both must be slow to lay the old aside. How can the parties be too far apart? No wonder that the General and the Governor have crowded one another for the pole position along the middle way. In addition, the American party leaders and their organizations must be socially responsible to all segments of the population. As socially responsible agents, they dare not foster one particular point of view.

Coalitions

IF A candidate really wants to win as a result of all this, he must appeal to labor, the farmer, the Negro, the naturalized immigrant, women, big business, small enterprise, independents, nonvoters, party members, disgruntled members of the opposition, white-collar workers, to Jews and Protestants and Catholics, to the rich and the poor and the in-between. If the candidate makes too rigid an appeal to the CIO and the AF of L, he might lose the vote of business. If he appeals too strongly to the Negro, he might also lose the South. Party strategy is always directed toward accumulating as many of these groups as possible for the establishment of a sizable majority. The group formula, appealing "to something approaching the entire sweep of the American electorate," is the significant factor as is the manipulation of that formula. (Binkley and Moos, *A Grammar of American Politics.*)

The General—accustomed, above all, to molding multiple-group combinations by unilateral military directives—has now had about eight months of lessons in the difficult task of "being all things to all men." The headlines have said that Ike has made his peace with Robert Alphonso and that Taft answered the call to the colors. As soon as the Ike-Robert breakfast news hit the street, the breakfast of Senator Morse of Oregon was spoiled. He went on a quick sit-down strike with only an occasional routine gesture of allegiance to Eisenhower. The chairman of the Young Republicans in Oregon simply joined the Democrats. If Ike had made his peace with Taft, how could he make a strategic appeal to labor and its anti-Taft-Hartley law bias? After Ike's 100 per cent parity promise at Kasson, Minnesota, how could

he convince the editors of *The Chicago Daily Tribune* and *The Omaha World-Herald* that he wasn't a "me-tooer"? Meanwhile, the General is supposed to have given Tom Dewey the royal snub but good. In the course of about forty years, the GOP failure in group diplomacy had now lost them the votes of the Negro, labor, the farmer, the white-collar worker, the intellectual, women, and the idealist. At one time, the GOP had all these wrapped up, signed, sealed, and delivered. The problem will not be solved with a temporary victory November 4. The GOP will have to convince a lot of people over a long period of time that they're not running the party like the Union League. The tragedy of it all: if Ike has his party organized, he still only controls about 30 per cent of the vote. This would make for an uncomfortable four years.

"A candidate must be all things to all men—and Governor Stevenson [has proved] no exception to this rule." Like Eisenhower, Adlai Stevenson has been and done almost everything except be born in a log-cabin or a sod-house. "At Denver, he told how his grandfather had prospected for gold there before the Civil War." He had also worked on cattle ranches and irrigation ditches in Wyoming. To the meeting of newspaper editors at Portland, he "underlined his part ownership in the Bloomington (Ill.) *Pantagraph*"—which, incidentally, doesn't seem to be giving him much support. The farmers at the national plowing contest soon learned that he owned a farm in the farm belt and that he had spent most of his time in that farm belt. The East must not get concerned for he has also spent some time out there.

Stevenson's concern with "being all things to all men doesn't hide the cleavages he must reconcile in the Democratic party." (*The Wall Street Journal,* September 10, 1952.) Truman, who still has a lot of votes on his side, isn't always certain about Adlai. Adlai and the party have "mugwumped" the civil rights issue by cleverly feeling the way between the liberal Democrat and the reactionary Democrat. To combine urban and rural Democrats in the same party remains the eternal problem. Byrd of Virginia and Douglas of Illinois illustrate some of these cleavages. I know that there are some unhappy Kefauver Democrats. But I do feel that Stevenson, once the entire nation has taken a look at both of the candidates, will hold more of these divergent groups together than Ike and the GOP simply and alone because to the present the GOP has refused to represent the entire sweep of the electorate. And should Eisenhower win in November, he'll have four

years to convince the hesitant. If not, well—it was nice knowing the Republicans. Perhaps McCormick of Tribune Tower is the wisest by organizing the American Constitutional Party. He might be looking forward to 1956 and collapse.

In Dark November

In brown, dark November
a few leaves
remain
scattered on the oak
each leaf a sharp, clear
sky-framed pattern

Of men winter-withered
a few lives remain
deeply, sharply
etched
in our memories

Beneath outstretched oak branches
a blur of crumbling leaves
fades
into dying autumn

Myriads of lives
unobtrusive, unsung
pass
into oblivion
known to Eternity alone.

—Della Marie Krentz

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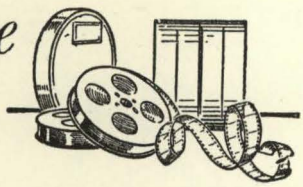
The  *Motion Picture*

By ANNE HANSEN

ALTHOUGH *Dance to the Piper* (Atlantic Press; Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1952) is primarily the engrossing autobiography of Agnes de Mille, widely known dancer and choreographer, the book contains a fascinating account of the early years of the motion-picture industry.

Miss de Mille has a distinguished heritage in the theater. Her grandfather, Henry Churchill de Mille, was a successful playwright and an associate of David Belasco. Her father, William C. de Mille, was the author of several Broadway hit plays before he had reached his thirty-fifth birthday. Her uncle, Cecil B. de Mille, has long been an important figure in the motion-picture industry.

Miss de Mille tells us that her family considered Uncle Cecil's decision to embark on a new career in Hollywood an act of "purest folly." But young, ambitious Uncle Cecil was not to be dissuaded. In 1912 he joined Jesse L. Lasky, ex-cornet player and vaudeville actor, and a young glove merchant named Sam Goldfish (later changed to Goldwyn) to form the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company.

Headquarters were soon established in a converted stable on Vine Street in a drowsy little country town called Hollywood. A year later—in 1913—William de Mille joined the company. Agnes de Mille, an impressionable girl at the time, literally grew up in and with the industry. She gives us a vivid word picture of the production methods of this pioneer period: the crude, ill-equipped studios; the haphazard methods of casting; the "direction largely by improvisation"; the cut-throat competition; the hectic hustle and bustle, and the important inventions and technical developments. She shares with us the glamor and the excitement of those early days, and she pays warm tribute to the men and women who worked together to produce the early films.

Miss de Mille writes:

It has become a vogue to run off old films—always on machines which were never geared to exhibit them—at dishonestly quickened tempi, and to howl at the inept stupidity of the technique. But I believe, by and large, there was more genuine invention in those days, more daring of untried devices, more zest, more hope, more fervor. Stomach ulcers and alcoholism were not the recognized concomitants of scenario writing. The men who made the early films did not despise their work nor hate their bosses. They had not come to accept frustration as their almost inevitable lot. Each picture was a challenge. They worked as individualists. They worked on their own as artists. And although very few of them were artists, they all had the pleasure and pride of believing they might be and worked accordingly. Some of their exuberance found its way into the productions, and many of these films have the zest and sincerity of true primitives.

Many of the notable figures of the screen, the legitimate stage, and the lofty realms of music and the dance appear in *Dance to the Piper.*

Miss de Mille gives us some amusing examples of competitive practices used in the days when the cinema was very young. When, for example, Cecil B. de Mille made *Carmen* with Geraldine Farrar, the Metropolitan Opera singer, Fox Studios quickly rushed out a rival version titled *Carmen As It Should Be,* starring Theda Bara, the queen of the vampires. Incidentally, this sort of competition is sometimes still practiced in a manner only a little less crude and obvious.

Another firmly established Hollywood device is the follow-up, or sequel. Last year Bob Hope's hilarious film *Paleface* kept the cash registers jingling from coast to coast. *Son of Paleface* (Paramount) is sure to do just as well this year. Here we have not only the irrepressible Hope, but Roy Rogers, too, and his famous horse, Trigger. Jane Russell is on display in the type of costuming—or shall I say lack of costuming—one has come to expect. Long ago Miss Russell's career was launched by means of a barrage of nauseating publicity. Apparently she has never been able—or willing?—to rise above the standards established for her before her first film had even been released. Bing Crosby and Cecil de Mille appear briefly in *Son of Paleface,* even though their names are not billed. Did you see them?

In recent months we have had another instance of what Hollywood euphemistically calls "the big build-up." This time the victim is Marilyn Monroe. Trade papers, Sunday supplements, slick-paper magazines, and newspaper columns have been flooded with lurid tales about Miss Monroe. Not about her abilities—as an ac-

tress—or about the lack of them. Oh, no! Instead, we are told what she eats, what she likes or dislikes, what she wears—what she does not wear would be more accurate—and so on *ad nauseam.*

I saw Miss Monroe recently in *Don't Bother to Knock* (20th Century-Fox). With the proper help she might become at least a reasonably good actress. Will she seek that help? Or will she complacently permit herself to become just another blank-faced glamor girl? *Don't Bother to Knock* is the brutal and ugly story of a confused girl's groping attempts to find peace and stability.

If your radio is in working order, you have heard *Zing Me a Zong* many, many times in recent months. Der Bingle himself sings this lilting melody in *Just for You* (Paramount, Elliott Nugent). Although this is not Bing Crosby's best picture, it is playing holdover engagements in many towns and cities. It must be that Bing's easy, leisurely manner and Jane Wyman's sprightly comedy take our minds off the stern realities of an election year. Ethel Barrymore is on hand in the role of a resourceful school mistress.

Here is another excellent antidote for low spirits. *Dreamboat* (20th Century-Fox), a biting satire on TV program fare, is uproariously funny. Clifton Webb is at his caustic best in *Dreamboat.* Ginger Rogers and Elsa Lanchester are excellent in supporting roles. Anne Francis is unconvincing in a thin part.

Almost twenty years have passed since Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings presented their memorable play *What Price Glory* on Broadway. *What Price Glory* was an immediate success on the legitimate stage and scored a notable triumph in a fine screen adaptation which starred Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Dolores Del Rio. A new film version, featuring James Cagney and Dan Dailey as Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt, was released recently. *What Price Glory* (20th Century-Fox) often makes its point with telling force. But it does not successfully re-create the stark, unadorned realism of the original drama or the early screen play.

The captivating music of Franz Lehar has given pleasure to many thousands of listeners. One of the best-known of the Austrian-born composer's works is the ever popular operetta *The Merry Widow,* now brought to the screen for the fourth time in M-G-M's lavishly mounted technicolor production. Lana Turner appears as the rich young widow. Fernando Lamas is cast as the dashing Count Danilo. By and large, the performance is somewhat pedestrian.